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THE NEW

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THAT the British sponsor of the Laval-Hoare proposals should return to Cabinet office may seem only fitting to a country which has learnt not to expect from its Government any direct or clear and honest foreign policy. The effect on Continental opinion is, however, considerable. Italy welcomes the appointment, Germany approves anything that disrupts the League. But in those countries which still hoped for something to be made out of Geneva the appointment must be regarded as a final proof that Great Britain has formally abdicated from the leadership which she won for herself for a fleeting moment, when Sir Samuel Hoare himself made the promises at Geneva which he so quickly betrayed. This is confirmed by speeches from Mr. Eden, who talked of "revising" the Covenant, and Mr. Chamberlain, who made it clear that this involved expunging Article XVI. Mr. Chamberlain did not conceal that that meant reducing the League to a cipher. The immediate result is to hasten the process of disintegration, encourage aggressors and confirm small States in the desperate search they have already begun to make for accommodation with neighbours whose pressure can no longer be resisted, once the futility of the League is admitted.

The New Balance of Power

The chaos is most clearly to be seen in south-eastern Europe, where no State is quite sure which neighbour it is least dangerous to cultivate as a friend or an enemy. Dr. Schacht is on a tour; his success means economic penetration by the Reich wherever Italian influence is not too strong for him. Dr. Schuschnigg has been conferring with Mussolini; no doubt their conversation turned not only on the position of Starhemberg and the Heimwehr, but also on the question of a Habsburg restoration, which is Dr. Schuschnigg's hope for the future of Austria. In the meantime the Little Entente Powers are also in conference; how much longer they can hold together no one knows. Jugoslavia's fear of Italy and the very favourable trade terms offered by Germany are increasingly throwing the Jugoslavs into the German camp, while it is doubtful how long the Czechs can withstand the German economic boycott which has produced so much distress in Bohemia. It is now by no means impossible that Henlein and the German Nationalists may before long be taken into the Czech administration, though it should be emphasised that the German minority is nothing like so united as it was only a few months ago, and the Czechoslovakian Germans certainly not so pro-Hitler as they were. Indeed, Dr. Benes may regard it as the path of wisdom to encourage them in loyalty to Czechoslovakia by giving them a share in the government

of the country. But at the moment all is speculation. In the absence of guarantee from the West and in the event of a triumphant Italian Peace in the Mediterranean, the Balkans have nothing to look forward to but an uneasy balance of power struggle between Germany and Italy, with every one wondering just when and where war will begin.

The Struggle in China

The situation in China is still confused and obscure. There are rumours of imminent civil war; but it is improbable that this, when and if it comes, will take the form of a clear-cut conflict between South and North, the Cantonese and the Nanking Government. Chiang Kai-shek is at present too strong for that. There is plenty of trouble, however—and there may be serious fighting—in the south-west, between the Kwangsi forces and the Central Government troops. Kwangtung, the Cantonese province, is likely to await the issue there before committing itself, and it has another reason also for caution in the presence of powerful Nanking forces on its other side, in Fukien province. Chiang Kai-shek, meanwhile, appears to be indulging in long-distance parleying with the Cantonese, urging unity, and perhaps offering them more money. Unity they do not want, but money—or fresh sources of revenue—they do. Japan, of course, is watching all these developments very hopefully. Indeed, her agents are reported to be busily fomenting the anti-Japanese feeling in Kwangsi, with a view of turning trouble there to her own account in Northern China.

The State of Palestine

Mr. Ormsby Gore, the new Colonial Secretary, had no comfortable words to say about Palestine in the House on Tuesday. More British troops have been brought in from Egypt—there are eight battalions in the country now—but acts of violence continue unabated in one place and another. The so-called strike, as Mr. Herbert Morrison pointed out, is largely directed by men who have nothing to do with Trade Unions, who are, in fact, rich men and some of them capitalists. A certain number of the Arab leaders, we understand, have been arrested and put in a concentration camp, but with no apparent effect on the trouble. Mr. Ormsby Gore's "warning," as some commentators have called it, that the Government will not appoint their Royal Commission until law and order have been restored, will not do much to produce peace. The disturbers of the peace do not want a Royal Commission, and have said so quite plainly. They want the suspension of Jewish immigration, which the Government have no intention of agreeing to. Law and order obviously must be restored. But, that done, the problem of getting the wolf to dwell with the lamb and the leopard to lie down with the kid will still remain to be solved.

The American "Line-Up"

In the United States public men are busy saying nothing at all, either in many words or in few. The Supreme Court's disallowance of the New York minimum wage law has produced no repercussions as yet on the campaign for the presidential election. The Republicans, posing as supporters of State rights against the Federal bureaucracy, naturally desire to avoid the subject, because it makes all too plain that what they are really standing for is not the right of the States to control economic forces, but the sheer individualism which is at the very basis of the American Constitution. It even seems practically certain that Governor Landon will be the Republican candidate, that he will commit himself to as little as possible, and that President Roosevelt will decisively defeat him. As for the Republican platform, no one takes it very seriously. There will probably be something not too definite about "sound money" as a sop for the East, and much in defence of the individual States against the New Deal. But in the main the Republicans will fight as anti-Roosevelt and as nothing else. More interesting are the activities of Mr. J. L. Lewis and his committee for industrial organisation which, supporting Mr. Roosevelt for this occasion, may possibly become the nucleus of the Labour Party for which the American working class has had to wait so long. At the moment Mr. Lewis is in the thick of his battle with the craft unions of the A.F. of L., and he seems to be gaining strength at the expense of the "old guard." Mr. Norman Thomas, on the other hand, does not seem to be faring well; the American Socialist Party has not succeeded in getting behind it the main mass of working-class discontent.

The Family in Russia

There has been the liveliest interest in Russia over the new "family life" Bill just introduced by the Soviet Government. It proposes, amongst other things, to tighten up the laws regulating divorce, alimony and abortion, to increase maternity clinics and day nurseries, and to grant children's allowances at the rate of 2,000 roubles a year for five years for the seventh and each succeeding child up to the eleventh—who is to get 5,000 roubles. This stimulus to the birth rate, in a country where the population is already increasing by four or five million per annum, seems a little odd. And it seems odder to a good many Russian women who find it a hard task to squeeze themselves and a husband and a couple of infants into the few cubic feet they can get to live in. But presumably its aim is to help in checking abortions. The Soviet Government have for long been trying to diminish the mischief of private abortion by legalising it in public hospitals. Now they intend to prohibit it altogether, save in very exceptional circumstances. This proposal has aroused widespread criticism; the opposition, indeed, is so strong that we are told the measure may have to be modified.

Democracy and Dictatorship

Whatever may be the rights and wrongs of this Bill, all the public discussion and criticism—and the encouragement of it by the Government—are a sign of the times. Democracy, it seems, is coming on apace in the U.S.S.R.—and that in the shape not merely of talk, but of new political institutions. Next year, it is expected, big electoral changes will be put in force. The secret ballot is to be established, the franchise of peasants and townsmen equalised, and we shall see a parliament directly elected by ninety million voters. The judges in the People's Courts also are to be popularly elected, and the powers of the secret police still further diminished. All this liberalisation of the regime is important. But it does not signify the immediate disappearance, or even the weakening, of the dictatorship. The Communist Party will remain

the only legal party, and it will continue to be the effective ruler of the country.

The Forty-hour Week at Geneva

At Geneva the I.L.O. Conference is in the midst of its discussion of a draft Forty Hours Convention for the textile industries. This group of industries, being subject to acute international competition, is evidently among the most suitable for the regulation of working hours on a basis of international agreement; but it is impossible to feel hopeful about the prospects of a Convention. The new French Government is naturally strong in its support; and the French delegates threw out a hint that the new French tariff may be so arranged as to confer a preference on countries which adopt the forty-hour week. For Great Britain, Mr. Brown, the Minister of Labour, made the usual negative speech. The Italians, who were among the original sponsors of the forty-hour week, have withdrawn from the I.L.O., and of course Germany is not represented. The United States is represented; but its delegate's power to commit his country is obviously lacking in face of recent court decisions. The Convention, even if it secures a majority, is therefore likely to remain for the present little more than a gesture. But, with the French ready to set a practical example, such a gesture may well have its value. It will provide, we may hope, a workable basis for agitations in the various countries in which agitation is still possible; and it will also make easier the drafting of analogous Conventions for other trades when the time is ripe.

Child Labour

Fresh from his task of opposing the forty-hour week at Geneva, the Minister of Labour may be interested in the report of a recent inquiry into the hours of employment of boys and girls in "unregulated occupations" in Manchester. The inquiry, conducted by the Manchester University Settlement, shows that boys are still found to be working as long as sixty or seventy hours a week in a wide range of occupations. Van-boys, errand-boys, cinema page-boys and messengers may all be required to work up till ten or eleven at night. For the most part they are engaged in blind alley jobs and little opportunity is given to join clubs or attend night schools. The report suggests that this will continue until statutory protection is provided; it recommends that the Factory and Workshop Act and the Shops Act should be extended to cover young persons working in these kinds of jobs. Even this overdue reform, however, would not be entirely satisfactory. The Factory Act establishes a limit of sixty hours and the Shops Act a limit of fifty-two hours a week (until the end of this year, and thereafter of forty-eight). Children of fourteen may still be employed in factories for twelve hours a day. New legislation is urgently required; but perhaps the Minister of Labour will maintain that such fierce exploitation is necessary in order that Britain may compete successfully with its unscrupulous foreign rivals.

Fruits of Re-armament

Employment continues to improve, and the May figures issued this week show the lowest total of unemployed on the register since the spring of 1930. There are various explanations of the decline of unemployment last month by 126,000 in comparison with April, and by nearly 340,000 in comparison with May, 1935. The weather has kept the coal trade active, without preventing the textile and clothing trades from expanding in response to summer demand. But even after allowance has been made for this factor, the advance is considerable. It is attributable largely to increased activity in armament production, and to the continuance of house-building. It must not, however, be forgotten that the unemployed still number half a million more than they did in the spring of 1929, or that almost a quarter of those now applying for unemployment benefit or assistance have been out of work practically continuously for more than a year. The "hard core" of unemployment in the depressed areas remains unbroken by the continued upward movement of general economic activity. There was some improvement last month in every area—even in Wales, but once again it was smaller in Wales than in any other district. Last year the expansion of employment depended mainly on one factor—house-building. Now it depends on two—house-building and re-armament.

The Libel Racket

It is to be hoped that the discussion of the law of libel at the Empire Press Union Conference is a prelude to action. The situation has become both dangerous and absurd. Under the present law a plaintiff need not prove actual financial loss, and it is left to the quite arbitrary decision of a jury to decide the money-value of a speculative damage to pride or reputation. As a result of high costs and inflated damages in recent cases, actions which Lord Maugham has described as "gold-digging" have become commonplace. Daily newspapers spend thousands of pounds a year in settling out of court actions which they know to be fraudulent, but find easier and cheaper not to fight. The system is a growing menace to the freedom of the press, which is often forced into caution in cases where caution is contrary to the public interest. One result, as Mr. Kenneth Henderson told the Conference, was the growth of a class of persons who regard "libel actions as a pleasant form of speculation, in which the potential is large and the amount which need be invested very small." Mr. Henderson suggested a bill to amend the existing law, so that, except in a few specified types of libel, no damages shall be awarded to the plaintiff unless he can prove actual financial loss. In the meantime we suggest that the British press should unite in refusing to be blackmailed into paying small sums in settlement of unsubstantial actions.

Next week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION will be a Summer Reading Number. There will be special reviews of fiction and detective stories, as well as books on travel and the country. Among the contributors will be Leonard Woolf, Cyril Connolly, Brian Howard, John Betjeman, Christopher St. John and V. S. Pritchett.

Next week's London Diary will be written by H. J. Laski.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. The postage on this issue is: Inland, 1d.; Foreign, 1½d.; Canada, 1d.

THE FRENCH NEW DEAL

LÉON BLUM has startled us all, as President Roosevelt startled us three years ago. So government, even in a democracy, may sometimes mean action? It is an exciting programme with many items, some of which may only be carried through slowly and after a long struggle. But the force of Socialist opinion and of working-class action, which is the unusual and encouraging feature of the situation, saves M. Blum from the danger of a mere paper revolution.

The programme does not amount to a change in the social structure of France. But the labour legislation alone, if once carried into effect, will make a perceptible change in the environment of every industrial worker. In France, where Trade Unions have never been strong, it means much that the right of collective bargaining should be established by law, while shop stewards become a normal institution. The forty-hour week at the old rates of daily earnings is suddenly established, and with it holidays with pay, and a rise in wage-rates by an average of 12 per cent. There is a promise of old age pensions (a novelty in France) and of an extension of the pitiably inadequate system of unemployment insurance. Public works are sketched in on a big scale. Incidentally, the school age (a year lower than ours) is raised. The peasant may expect the scaling down of his debts, and the creation of a Wheat Board which should deliver him from the oppression of the dealers and millers. The Bank of France is to be democratised, and the armaments industry (to what extent remains to be seen) nationalised. No one seems to doubt that the Chamber at least, if not the Senate, will pass all these Bills in one session. M. Laval, to carry out deflation, was armed with the right to legislate by decree. M. Blum has adopted a novel yet honestly democratic expedient. His Bills will be brief affirmations of principle; a series of legislative committees will work out the details of his New Deal. There is, of course, the danger that this procedure will mean undue delay over a large part of the programme; the workers, however, are far too actively alive to permit the fruits of victory to be postponed.

Mr. MacDonald, when he headed a Labour Government, was manifestly more afraid of the host in front of him than of the host behind. In the France of to-day both are formidable. The opposing host includes the Croix de Feu, who are said to have arms, and its general staff is an organisation of big business and high finance better equipped for political action than anything our own plutocracy has evolved. But the army behind M. Blum has given a specimen of its quality in the astonishing "stay-in" strike that has immobilised not merely Paris but the whole of industrial France. Gay, uncompromising and unembarrassed by legal scruples, these workers had no Trade Union bureaucracy to hold them back. Probably it was the Communist "cells" in every workshop that gave the first impulse, but evidently the whole working-class was impatient to act. The interesting fact is that the orthodox Socialist Party showed no sign of being shocked, and that the Liberal press—or such small part of it as still appeared—appeared to enjoy the spectacle.

The peculiarity of this French situation is that the prolonged slump has reduced the poorer strata of the middle class to a state of desperation that differs little from that of the workers. Income-tax figures show a drop of one-third in the total income of this class, and a great diminution in its numbers. Of the two and a half millions who possessed taxable incomes, over half a million have sunk below the poverty line; their incomes, that is to say, have shrunk to less than £135. None of the clumsy devices adopted to shelter the peasant from the slump availed to avert the catastrophic fall of prices. Even the decree which forbade farmers to sow improved breeds of wheat with a high yield failed to protect them from the menace of abundance. The deflation had, as usual, been very much more successful in cutting wages, salaries and pensions than in lowering retail prices. The export trades, from silk and cotton to wines and "tourisme," were almost extinguished, and one gathers that the victims had no illusions about the future; they believed that this ruin was permanent. They might have turned, as in a like case the small middle-class in Germany did, to Fascism. In fact, they clung to their democratic tradition and flocked to the People's Front.

This choice can be explained in several ways. Fascism, translate as one will, came in a German dress, with Hitler's face. The Communists, for their part, made fraternisation easy; they turned patriots, sang the *Marseillaise* and—literally—waved the tricolour. But probably the decisive factor was the political skill of the strategists of the Front. They did not fight capitalism as such; they fought the financial oligarchy and the "merchants of death." The Bank of France positively tempts attack. It has retained Napoleon's constitution. The mass of its shareholders have no votes. It is the 200 largest shareholders who elect the fifteen "regents," and these are for the most part hereditary, private bankers. Of the fifteen, five are still the lineal descendants of the men who held this office under the first Empire, bearing the same family names. True, the Governor is an official appointed by the Government. But he must qualify by holding shares worth a sum that no civil servant can possess. The regents lend it to him; such "loans" are never repaid, and he becomes their tame colleague. To the Bank embarrassed Ministries turn for credit, but advances are granted only to a reliable Minister of Finance. In effect the Bank, using this stranglehold, has nominated him in the recent years of crisis, and dictated his policy. There is little exaggeration in the conclusion that the Bank rules France. Ministries come and go, one every six months; but these ruling families have survived two Empires, two monarchies and the Republic. The other arch-enemy is the Comité des Forges, the six companies that turn out three-fourths of the whole iron and steel output of France and all her armaments. It owns some newspapers and bribes others. It fills the war chest of the Right. It has often nominated Premiers, M. Poincaré for example, and dictated policy, notably the invasion of the Ruhr. The People's Front is to be congratulated on the skill with which it chose its foes. It struck straight at the centre of power of capitalism, and yet it raised no perilous issues. In every country, but above all in France, the little middle-class man hates oligarchs and concentrated wealth.

In spite of the revolutionary tempers that blazed out in the stay-in strike, in spite even of the game of creating local committees, known as Soviets, there is no suggestion

that the Communists, at this stage, contemplate revolution. The situation in France is not ripe, nor, while Hitler threatens, would a revolutionary outbreak in France suit the interests of Moscow. It is not here, nor even in the possible resistance of the Senate, that we see the chief danger facing Léon Blum's Ministry. That is finance. The policy of deflation is wisely reversed. Reflation will bring a brisker internal market, but costs will rise, and there can be no revival of the export trades so long as the old parity of the franc is retained. It will be necessary to check the export of gold, and France will slide into Germany's equivocal position. She will have to aim at self-sufficiency, while she subsidises her necessary exports. This does not seem a hopeful formula for recovery; but in the struggle that lies before it this democratic Ministry has of all political assets the most valuable—audacity.

AND WHAT ABOUT ENGLAND?

MANY commiserated with M. Blum on being unfortunate enough to take office, as France's first Socialist Prime Minister, to the accompaniment of a spreading strike movement. For my part, I am inclined to congratulate him on his luck. The worst danger that confronts an incoming Socialist Government—and still more a coalition based on an extensive *Front Populaire*—is that of over-caution and overmuch readiness to placate the vested interests. If there had been no strikes among the workers, M. Blum and his Radical allies might easily have felt it to be their first duty to avert a "strike" of capitalists and financiers, by holding back such measures as seemed most likely to disturb "business confidence." They might have been so alarmed about an impending "flight of capital" as to have eyes and ears for little else. The strikes among the workers—organised and unorganised alike—spreading spontaneously from one trade to another, and cropping up often in the most unlikely places, have served to remind them whose interests they have been primarily returned to serve; the result is seen in an immediate programme which forms a very welcome contrast to the policy of either of the two Labour Governments that have attempted to govern Great Britain.

M. Blum is, no doubt, still only at the beginning of his difficulties; and I do not know how, without resort to a rigid system of exchange control, he proposes to reconcile a rise in wages and public expenditure and a shortening of working hours with the maintenance of the franc at its present excessive gold value. It is, however, already clear that the strikes have simplified his immediate task. The financiers are less ready to cause a financial crisis because they are not at all sure what will happen if they do. The Radicals are prepared to go further than they would have gone if pressure from outside Parliament had not forced their hands. There is doubtless great anger among the comfortable bourgeoisie of the Centre as well as of the Right—anger at the shortage of petrol and the threatened shortage of other supplies, anger at the "lawless" occupation of the factories by the workers, anger perhaps most of all at having to choose, for their newspaper, between *L'Action Française* at one extreme and *L'Humanité* and *Le Populaire* at the other. But this anger, though it extends to a section of the Radicals, has its compensations; for the first essential for a successful Government of the Left in France is that it should break sharply with the so-called "Centre" groups, which are in fact by British standards decidedly reactionary. The strikes have given M. Blum—and M. Daladier with him—a sharp initial push to the Left; and if only the Communists keep their heads, as they seem on the whole likely to do, the impetus ought to be strong enough to carry the *Front Populaire* safely through its opening battle with the financiers, and well on the way towards the realisation of its immediate programme.

What is the lesson for Great Britain? There is in this country no question at present of a "Popular Front" of the French type. For one thing, we have neither a severity of economic depression comparable with that which exists in France nor an imminent threat of anti-parliamentary violence from the Right to drive the forces of the Left together. For another, our party situation is widely different. The Communist Party of Great Britain, though it counts increasingly as a disturbing factor, still does not count as an electoral or parliamentary force. An alliance between it and the Labour Party, on the lines of the French Socialist-Communist alliance which preceded the wider *Front Populaire*, would be, for us, like a partnership between an elephant and a flea. Moreover, it is difficult to imagine the Liberal Party, under Sir Herbert Samuel and Mr. Ramsay Muir, rallying to any programme even remotely resembling that of the *Front Populaire*, or refraining even for a moment from a scuttle back to the capitalist camp if they were faced with a strike movement involving the unlawful occupation of factories and the suspension of their favourite newspapers. Wherever the non-Socialist Left is to be found in Great Britain, it is assuredly impossible to identify it with the official Liberal Party.

In these circumstances, the possibility of a parliamentary Popular Front in this country does not at present exist. Circumstances may indeed change, so as to make the constitution of such a Front both possible and necessary; but the changes which would be required are much greater here than they were in France, while the immediate necessity is far less obvious from the standpoint of the leaders of the party which would have to take the lead. The Labour Party still hopes to win a majority without accepting allies; and the economic conditions are not so desperately bad as to make it plain that it cannot afford to take its time. For my part, I have grave doubts whether Transport House, following its present policy, is likely to get a majority at the next general election or even the election after that; and I have a strong belief that the sense of having time to spare is illusory. While the Labour propagandists are quietly winning—or failing to win—a majority of the electors to their side, the world is not obligingly standing still to applaud their efforts. It is rushing on, helter-skelter, who knows whither?—but at all events towards a cataclysm which will in all probability soon make our easy-going methods look very foolish indeed. If we had plenty of time before us, with no world-shattering events threatening to disturb our calm, it might be the right course for the Labour Party simply to carry on with its traditional methods. But with all the devils of hell loose in the world from Berlin and Rome to Tokio this complacent patience is absurd. The Left in Great Britain, as elsewhere, must win its victory soon, if it is to survive to win any victory at all.

Nevertheless, it is simply unrealistic to advocate that we in this country should imitate the *Front Populaire* by forming an alliance of the Left parties. That is not the immediate issue which the Labour Party has to face. Instead, it has to face here and now two much smaller issues, which are nevertheless of the first importance because they point the way clearly towards the future. These two issues are, in a sense, one; they both turn on the question of exclusiveness. They are these. First, shall the Labour Party maintain its attitude of exclusiveness and boycott towards the Communists? And secondly, shall the Labour Party continue to discourage its members, albeit far less fiercely, from fraternisation with non-Socialists over causes in which it is possible for the elements of the Left to work together? These are the only practical questions for the present in relation to the building up of a British "Popular Front"; but they both need facing in the immediate future.

The arguments against admitting the Communists to the Labour Party as an organised group are easy enough to appreciate. The British Communists have given neither the Trade Union leaders nor the Labour parliamentarians any reason to love them; they have been in the past usually

malevolent and often silly. The Trade Union leader regards them as unscrupulous fomenters of unofficial strikes which disturb the even tenor of collective bargaining; the Labour candidate and the Transport House official are apt to regard them as nuisances who scare off the timid but on the whole "liberal-minded" voter. The Communists have been, indeed, the gadflies of the Labour movement, and it is tempting to try merely to brush them off. These tactics, however, have not succeeded; both in the Trade Unions and in many local Labour Parties the Communist influence is getting stronger. Last week's discussions at the conference of the Amalgamated Engineering Union and the recent election of Arthur Horner as President of the South Wales Miners both show the growing strength of the Communists in the Trade Unions; and locally Transport House is finding more and more difficulty in preserving the purity of the Labour machine from Communist contamination.

Nor can it be left out of account that there has been a great change in the Communist attitude. The threat of war and Fascism, which drove the U.S.S.R. into the League of Nations, has made the Communist Parties throughout Europe no longer disruptionists, but sincere advocates of a union of Left-wing forces. No doubt the rest of us are, in the last resort, still "Social Fascists," or whatever term is preferred nowadays, in their eyes. But they want to stop war and the spread of real Fascism much more than they want to expose our shortcomings; and they realise the need for collaboration with anyone who is on their side in these immediate and pressing issues of life and death. Moreover, the triumph of Socialist construction in the U.S.S.R., which even the capitalist Powers can no longer deny, has changed the status of Communism throughout the world. Whether we say that Russia is becoming less Communist, or the rest of the world less afraid of Communism than of Hitler and Mussolini and the war-lords of Japan, the fact remains. Communism can no longer be outlawed in the parliamentary countries; for Russia is our potential ally both in, and still more against, the threatening new world war.

It would be wise, I believe, under these conditions for the Labour Party to accept the affiliation of the Communist Party, and for the Trades Union Congress General Council to stop its futile efforts to suppress Communism inside the Trade Unions and the local Trades Councils. It would be wise to face trouble inside the movement, rather than leave it to fester outside, and wiser to run the risk of scaring off some timid supporters in order to consolidate the "Labour Front." There can be, of course, no question here of equal partnership between parties so unequal in strength as the Labour Party and the C.P.G.B. But affiliation, subject to the acceptance of the Labour Party Constitution, is another matter; and, on one condition, it would be, in my view, under the changed circumstances, the wisest course to allow it.

The condition is that heresy-hunting shall be given up on the Right as well as on the Left, and Labour Party members be positively encouraged to collaborate, *on particular issues*, with Liberals or Conservatives, or "progressives" of no party, who are prepared to join with them in advocating Left-wing causes. We cannot, at present, include among the suitable bodies for this sort of collaboration Mr. Lloyd George's Council of Action; for that body has made the mistake of seeking to exact a pledge which might conflict with loyalty to the Labour Party's own programme. But it is clear that, if a British "bourgeois" party analogous to the French Radical-Socialists, and eligible for participation in a "Popular Front," is to arise, it will have to be created by means of experiment, and not based merely on the Liberal Party in its present emaciated form. It will have to be wide enough to include, say, Mr. Harold Macmillan equally with Mr. Kingsley Griffith, and probably Lord Cecil equally with any Liberal peer. It will have to embrace League of Nations Conservatives who do take the League seriously as well as Liberals and half-repentant "National Labourites" who are no less disillusioned with Mr. Ramsay MacDonald than with Mr. J. H. Thomas.

At present, it is quite impossible to regard these elements as the ingredients for a new bourgeois party. What is needed now is not a party, but a crusade. Or rather two crusades, which will have to be conducted apart, with the Labour Party, if it rises to the occasion, as the rallying point for both. One crusade will be for peace based on collective security, with a strengthened League and a firm Anglo-French understanding as its foundation. The second will be for an advance on the economic front—for higher wages, shorter hours of labour, a higher school age, pensions for ageing workers, an expansionist policy for industry and employment and, as correlatives, some measure of industrial socialisation and a determination to subdue the powers of finance and make them the servants of our economic needs. On the one hand, an international policy only a little to the left of Lord Cecil's, and on the other, a domestic policy not much more to the left of the "Next Five Years" group. The Labour Party, if it cares, can take the lead in both these movements, and make both the Communists and the "liberal-minded"—who are by no means always the same as the Liberals—its allies in both fields.

G. D. H. COLE

A LONDON DIARY

MR. CHURCHILL has always surprised people. His contemporaries at Harrow tell us that he surprised them even when he was a very aggressive small boy. One day when he had been badly bullied, he turned on his tormentors and said: "All the same, I shall be a great and famous man when you are all nobodies." He was quite right. It is usually said that only lack of judgment has prevented him from reaching the very top of the tree. But I think his brains have been an even more severe handicap. He is intellectual and logical—serious handicaps in a party that prides itself on instinct and a contempt for general principles. But from smiling at Mr. Churchill, I hear that leading members of the National Government are now furious with him. He is their most effective opponent. He has no use for their pretence about collective security as an excuse for rearmament, even while they give Hitler the tip that we do not mind what he does as long as he does not come West or ask for colonies. And now as if in order to emphasise the Government's hypocrisy, he has actually joined the New Commonwealth League which stands for the Labour programme of an international police force, internationalised aviation and an all-in system of pooled security. It is hard on the Government; for this is what a League policy means, and they cannot even score off Mr. Churchill by accusing him of pacifism.

* * *

The most hopeful effort being made at the moment to revive the idea of the League of Nations comes, not from Governments, but from popular support of the International Congress which is being called for the first week of September at Geneva. This looks like being a really big affair. It is timed to meet just before the League Assembly; and it will demonstrate the popular demand for a peace system and for disarmament even in countries whose Governments allow very little political agitation at home. Delegates are likely to be present from Poland, Hungary and Austria as well as from Great Britain, France, Russia and Czechoslovakia. A friend who has recently been in touch with the popular movements which do, in spite of dictators, exist in the Balkans, tells me that the Peasant Party which is meeting with such severe repression in Poland has an energetic counterpart in Rumania and Jugoslavia, and that it demands the fullest support for this drive towards a League of Peoples which shall ginger up, even if it cannot yet replace, the present League of Governments. My friend saw a march past of 120,000 peasants in Bucharest the other day; there were similar demonstrations all over Rumania. These people are anti-Nazi and anti-Soviet; they are pro-democracy and pro-peace. If the League of Nations Union and the Left parties here throw themselves keenly into this

movement they will be doing much to help democracy on the Continent.

* * *

I believe it was Talleyrand who said that Metternich was the kind of Conservative who would have prayed, if he had been present at the Creation, " Oh, God, conserve chaos." Reading Dr. Glover's reply to me on another page, I feel that he is on the way to becoming a modern Metternich. His argument amounts to the old plea that the " time is not ripe," and that all " reformers " are dangerous people. He does not understand that politics offer only a choice of evils. On his argument it would have been wrong in the Middle Ages to support the effort to produce order by organising the " hue and cry," which was the forerunner of the Police Force, because of the sadistic impulses which it released among the populace. The sadism was there and the " hue and cry " was an ugly business, but it was less evil than gangster rule.

* * *

Talking of leakages, the B.B.C. has been having a rough time lately. Perhaps just because of the unnecessarily secret atmospherics of Broadcasting House some journalists take a malicious delight in routing out scandals whether they exist or not. The morale of the high command has never been properly restored since the debate on the Ullswater Commission during which Sir Stafford Cripps and Col. Moore-Brabazon delivered their onslaughts and were applauded impartially on both sides of the House. On top of that came the *Daily Mail* stories, played up with more than usual vigour because of the shortage of Whitsuntide news. The *Daily Mail* got some of the facts right, but, putting two and two together, it made, as usual, six or eight out of them. First there was the story of the Peace Week which was described as a sort of Bolshevik-pacifist plot designed by Mr. Charles Siepmann (whom the *Mail* seems especially to hate) and deeply resented by loyal members of the staff like Mr. Brereton. It is true that there were strong differences of opinion about the wisdom of the particular programme suggested. But Mr. Charles Siepmann had in fact nothing whatever to do with the project and Mr. Brereton's proposed resignation was due to quite other causes. It is not easy to see how anyone, whatever his political views, could have objected to the general idea of this programme. Contentious political and economic questions of foreign affairs were not to be discussed ; the object was to set people thinking about peace as an active ideal, a way of living happily, as opposed to the common notion of it as just the absence of war. I presume that the B.B.C. will take no notice of the *Daily Mail's* malicious gossip. The B.B.C. has a unique opportunity of spreading sane ideas without any taint of the party brush, and I do not think that Sir John Reith is the sort of man to be intimidated by stunt journalism. The next day the *Mail* followed up this attempted sabotage (let us remember this incident when next it pretends to be trying to keep us out of war) with another story about a proposed training scheme in the B.B.C. The substance of this story was unimportant, but its publication was really a serious matter, for the scheme had not gone beyond the stage of a confidential memorandum. I am not surprised that there is a shemmozzle about this leakage. Is Mr. Justice Porter to be asked to conduct an inquiry?

* * *

I learn that the Italian press stated that 100,000 Fascists demonstrated in London last Sunday. Actually Sir Oswald Mosley was accompanied by about one thousand men and women Blackshirts at his meeting in Victoria Park. The entrance of Blackshirts preceded by outriders on motor bicycles was theatrically effective. Unfortunately the open air does not appear to suit the Leader's style of oratory, and apart from a much repeated refrain that " Tories, Socialists, Communists and World Jewry are stopping you from building the England of your dreams " he had little to say. The heroic stewards were less in evidence than usual, most of the disciplining of the meeting being done by mounted police. The presence of the horses in the crowd got on everyone's nerves. Whenever there was a hitch—and there were several—the horses were moved towards it, some of them reared and the crowd panicked. Several people were charged with insulting behaviour, but nobody interfered with a group of young men who went round reciting " The Yids, the Yids, we gotta get rid of the Yids."

* * *

An English friend who has been wandering on horse-back in Southern Spain writes to me from one of the almost 100 per cent. Communist villages in Andalusia : " Hotels everywhere are shut or nearly empty ; tourism is at a low ebb. Yet the foreign visitor from the most thorough-going Capitalist State can journey happily to-day in Andalusia if he speaks Spanish, has a sense of humour, and is not unduly irked by frequent stoppages of transport, bread and other " civilised " essentials. So far, the social revolution in Spain, set in motion by the Popular Front's election victory, moves gently (*mañana* is also a day) with a distinct flavour of comic opera. The industrial workers have won by striking appreciable concessions ; the real core of the problem—the land—is barely touched. Here and there isolated groups of peasants have seized and are cultivating (with tragically inadequate resources) parcels of an absentee landlord's wilfully, shamefully neglected estate. Mostly the peasants are content to shout " *Viva Rusia* " and await action by the Agricultural Reform authority, whose task it is to expropriate—with due compensation—neglected *despoblacados*, waste lands, and allocate holdings to tenants with guaranteed security of tenure. But, like most things in Spain, Agricultural Reform machinery creaks and hesitates. Land for the landless is slow in coming, and grants-in-aid slower still. Andalusia, land-hungry and impoverished, is growing impatient, and a mass movement to grab land is imminent. But then what? The Spanish peasant, cheated and exploited for generations by Europe's most selfish landlords, dreams to-day of an era when landlordism is unknown. " *Viva Rusia*," more hammers and sickles daubed on the locks. But of the will to collective agriculture—no trace. The philosophy of anarchism, yes. The practical realism of Leninism? No sign. And as the cold spring of 1936 yields reluctantly to summer, the numerically inferior but better-armed forces of Fascismo are mustering with less and less disguise."

* * *

The Government's decision to act on the recommendations of the Morris Carter Land Commission is producing a commotion among the natives in Kenya. I had an illuminating conversation on this subject with Mr. Kenyatta, the General Secretary of the Kikuyu Association, who tells me of a series of letters and petitions sent by native African organisations which have been systematically ignored by the Colonial Office. The present dispute can only be understood properly against the background of bitter feeling engendered by past dispossession of African natives by white settlers and by the fear that Kenya will finally accept all the worst features of the South African segregation policy. The immediate point is that natives are to be debarred in law as well as in practice from owning land on the Kenya highlands. The Kikuyu contend that the land should be open without discrimination of colour to any who can buy it.

* * *

I have been waiting a long time to see the " optical gramophone " on the market. It projects sound as we hear it on the talkies, and it would enable us to listen to music without the interruption involved in changing records. But I was alarmed to learn from Mr. Geoffrey Faber's speech to the International Publishing Congress that the optical gramophone will probably also bring the " Talking Book." I see that this will be good for the blind, but I fear that people who already prefer to get their news on the screen and in picture-papers will cease to think it worth while to learn to read at all. Mr. Faber hints at a final horror when he predicts an accompaniment of " noises off." We shall actually hear the shrieks of Ethel M. Dell's heroine when she is being horse-whipped.

* * *

The Left Book Club is a startling success. When Mr.

Gollancz, Professor Laski and Mr. John Strachey first began to choose their books, they expected that the Socialist public willing to pledge itself to buy a 2*s.* 6*d.* book a month would amount to a couple of thousand. Actually 12,000 readers have already joined and they talk of a possible 100,000. The June choice is *Hitler the Pawn*, by Rudolf Olden, who was political editor of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, and who is a first-class authority on the Nazi movement, and for July the book is to be Palme Dutt's *World Politics*.

* * *

Some of the boys at Harrow School objected to the appearance of a man who was having tea in a restaurant and threw lumps of sugar at him. They chased him down the street until he entered a barber's shop, from which he was finally rescued by a posse of Harrow masters, who arrived after a telephone call had been put through to the headmaster. According to the *Daily Telegraph*, a woman assistant in another shop said :

> I saw the man walking along the street before the row started. He was wearing a light-coloured suit and had a flower in his button-hole. I understand that while the man was in the restaurant he was talking to the boys and began to recite poetry. All the excitement began when one boy threw sugar at him.

I was lucky enough to splash into Colonel Blimp in the Serpentine on Tuesday and, knowing that he was an old Harrovian, asked his views of the incident. " Gad, Sir," he said, " people who can't wear old school ties should not wear ties at all, and people who wear flowers in their button-holes and recite poetry deserve all they get." I told him that the boys had been punished by the headmaster. " Quite right," he said emphatically, " Discipline : that is what the country needs to-day ? "

* * *

No one, as far as I know, has yet published an anthology of dedications. It might make amusing reading. A correspondent sends me the following from a book published in 1912, *An Anglo-Saxon Abbot, Ælfric of Eynsham.* S. Harvey Gem, M.A.

> To all readers who desire the promotion of Christian education, temperance reform, and general military training for home defence, these echoes from the days of Æthelred the Unready are dedicated.
>
> CRIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5 - for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mr. Lawrence B. Adolphus.
All cuttings should be addressed to " This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

I am twenty-nine, single ; I neither drink nor smoke. I do not seem to be able to overcome the sex impulse. Is this due to catarrh, and will a diet of vegetables and salads help to abate ?—Letter in *Health for All.*

One of the most serious defects of our Army to-day is that our present tanks are not suited to take part in a war against a civilised enemy.—*Evening Standard.*

For the first time in eleven years the magistrates at Liverpool Juvenile Court on Monday ordered two boys, aged 13 and 11 to be birched. They were accused of stealing a fountain-pen, a pen-knife, and 3*s.* 10*d.* from cubicles at a public baths. " I think it is a contemptible, mean theft, and you deserve horsewhipping," said the chairman, Mr. J. P. Callaghan. " Birching has not been inflicted in Liverpool for many years and we have an opportunity to-day of inflicting it."—*Manchester Guardian.*

It can be said that the practice of vigorous swearing, long abandoned in London theatres, has come to Lampeter.—Parish Magazine.

Mr. Thomas . . . is spending a great deal of his time in his study. I am told that the room is full of books, and that its walls have, instead of the conventional paper, a vast number of cartoons, done by famous artists, of Mr. Thomas during his long and interesting career. Looking at them is one of his favourite pastimes.—*News of the World.*

A proposal to include a living representative of Epstein's statue " Genesis " in a carnival at Leeds yesterday evoked protests from prominent figures in the City's civic and religious spheres.

" Pet cat sees shopkeeper murdered."—*Daily Sketch* poster.

All that will be necessary will be to amend the 1925 Agreement by eliminating the Emperor of Abyssinia and substituting the Italian Government as the author of the voluntary concession claimed by Britain. The event should be all the more gratifying to the British Government because it will be no longer necessary for that Government to fulfil its own part of the 1925 bargain. What Britain undertook was to induce the Emperor of Abyssinia to grant to Italy a sphere of influence in Abyssinia such as is now superfluous.—*Observer.*

IN DEFENCE OF PINK

IN his new book of essays, *As I Was Saying*, Mr. G. K. Chesterton makes the admirable suggestion that, now that so many people have begun to express their political opinions by wearing coloured shirts, shirts of various shades ought also to be manufactured. This would provide a means of self-expression for those who are only " Rather Nazi or Not Quite Communist." The Rather Nazi " might express his doubts by having his new brown shirt fade faintly into the old field-grey." Having made this very sensible proposal, however, Mr. Chesterton makes an exception as regards pink. He would allow no pink shirts to be put on the market. A pink shirt to him, it is clear, is as a red rag to a bull. He denounces pink in such terms as no colour surely has ever been denounced before. " Pink," he says, " seems to me the essentially false and negative colour ; because it is the dilution of something that is rich and glowing or nothing. . . . Pink suggests nothing but the horrible and blasphemous idea of wine with too much water in it. Pink is the withering of the rose and the fading of the fire ; pink is mere anaemia in the blood of the universe."

As a lover of pink I cannot let this pass without a protest. Pink is a colour that mankind, or the English-speaking part of it, instinctively choose as the symbol of perfection. We speak not only of " the pink of perfection," but of " the pink of fashion," or " the pink of elegance." Many a soldier, writing from the Front, kept up the spirits of his wife and children by signing his letter : " Yours in the pink." Mr. Chesterton, if he had been censor, would presumably have crossed this out and substituted : " Yours in the blues." Then there is the pink of the huntsman—a misnomer, perhaps, but this merely proves how deeply men of heroic mould reverence the colour. And how could any one fail to reverence the colour in a world in which year after year spring announces her arrival in the pink of the almond blossom, and summer her arrival in the pink of the wild rose. " Pink," says Mr. Chesterton, " is the withering of the rose." On the contrary, it is the colour of the true, the original, rose—the rose that bloomed in the Garden of Eden. The rose did not turn red till after Adam sinned. Pink, again, is the loveliest colour of the carnation : deeper shades are vulgar in comparison with it. In the years in which I used often to be still awake at dawn, what an entrancing spectacle were the pink clouds in the eastern sky ! And what child is there who has not been entranced by the echo of that colour in the lustrous hollows of shells ? It is no wonder that parents choose pink and blue as the two perfect colours with which to decorate the cradles of their adored infants—bows of pink ribbon for a girl, bows of blue for a boy. There is no colour in nature to surpass it. Even in the matter of wine, pink calls up the image not of watered claret, but of that charming-looking, if not so charming-tasting, wine, *vin rosé*. Pink the colour of anaemia in the blood ? Why, it is the colour of health among the so-called white races, who, as has often been pointed out, are really the pink races—at least, the one that has painted the map pink is.

I can honestly say that, in my opinion, the best thing that could happen to the world would be that it should become pinker and pinker. I should feel much happier about Nature

herself if I felt that she was gradually turning pink in tooth and claw. If we must have revolutions, I should prefer pink revolutions to red revolutions. As a child, I was afraid of the Scarlet Woman: if I could have thought of her as the Pink Woman, I should have rather liked her. I certainly prefer people whose sins are pink to those whose sins are scarlet. There is too much red in the world. I do not know whether any nation at present flies a pink flag, but I have a notion that pink will be the colour of the international flag when the war-drum throbs no longer. Mr. Chesterton may not join in the chorus, but how rapturously the rest of us, from Tokio to Vancouver, will sing—nay, roar—our anthem, "Keep the Pink Flag flying."

Mr. Chesterton's hatred of pink, I imagine, is largely the result of his having been born in a country that has worked extremism out of its system. The beauties of moderation are conspicuous only in a world of immoderate man. The moderate man is apt to congratulate himself on his moderation —to become smug. And, when one meets a man who is not only moderate but smug, one cannot help wishing that he would get rid of his moderation as a means of getting rid of his smugness. (As a matter of fact, smugness is not confined to the moderate: it is equally common among the extremists, the heretics, and the unconventional.) Still, there is something very revolting in the smugness of a man who is both moderate and successful, and moderate men have an unpleasant way of being successful. At the same time, consider what a world we should be living in if the majority of people had not learned the art of being moderate. The temperate man may at times seem dull, but how infinitely boring, in nine cases out of ten, is the drunkard! A happy marriage of give-and-take may seem flat, but the more passionate life of a wife-beater or a husband-slapper is in the end even more tedious. Immoderate people are exciting to read about, but who would send his son to be educated by one of them? We do not glorify immoderate bank-managers or immoderate doctors. In nearly all our relations in life, we like people to be pink. We say of So-and-So: "He's a white man," but what we usually mean is: "He's a pink man"—a man pinker than ourselves, and so to be trusted.

It is obviously, however, in political rather than in moral matters that Mr. Chesterton abhors pinkness. "There is," he says, "a merely pink humanitarianism which I dislike even more than the real Red Communism. It is not so honest: it is not so genuinely angry or so justly angry; and it is ultimately every bit as negative and destructive of the strong colours and definite shapes of any great historical culture. It will not weaken civilisation the less because it is too watery to burn it in a night: for you cannot set fire to a town with pink torches or pink artillery. This cold and colourless sentimentalism none the less threatens the world like a slow and crawling Deluge." As a pink humanitarian I read these words with a lively concern. I have grown pinker and pinker with the years, but I had always thought until now that, little good though I could do, I was at least—in political matters—harmless. I have never blinded myself to the fact that in politics I am a wobbling sentimentalist, but, as I have never had a vote except in a strong Tory constituency, I have comforted myself with the reflection that I could do no injury to my fellows. At times, I have even become self-satisfied—smug, if you prefer it—in my pinkness. I have said to myself: "If only everybody were as pink as I, all this nonsense in the world would end in a week. If only everybody wobbled like me, how well everybody would get on together!" Many people, when they see a statesman wobbling, lose confidence in him. That is the moment at which I, on the contrary, renew my trust in him. I like to see a Conservative statesman a bit of a Liberal, a Liberal statesman a bit of a Conservative, and a Socialist statesman a bit of both. I should trust Mussolini and Hitler more if they occasionally wobbled. It is their death-like rigidity that appals me. Oh, for a few pink corpuscles flowing through their veins! How much better a time the Abyssinians and the Jews would have!

Possibly, my love of a blending, a moderation, of colours is due to the fact that I grew up in a country in which the political colours were, in Mr. Chesterton's phrase, "rich and glowing." In the Ireland of my youth, orange was not permitted to be blended with green, and green was not perceptibly diluted with orange. At the same time, there were visionaries who looked forward to the day on which these colours would be miraculously interfused. I am not a painter and do not know what is the result when green is mixed with orange, but I should not be surprised to learn that it was pink. The Irish Free State has not gone so far as to fly a pink flag, but it has at least abandoned the pure green flag, and made room for a strip of orange united to the green by a white band of peace. This is surely an example of pinkness in politics—which is disquieting, perhaps, to Mr. Chesterton, but is inspiriting to me. It is a symbol of compromise, and compromise seems to me the third most beautiful thing that ever came out of the mind of man. If I love pink, it is probably because it is the colour of compromise and so the colour of hope. It is not for nothing that Nature brings in spring with the almond blossom and summer with the wild rose. Here Nature is our schoolmaster, bidding us to dilute our angry red if we would enter into a world of sunshine. That is why my whole political philosophy may be summed up in the phrase: "Strike me pink." And, in my dreams of the future of the world, my profoundest hopes might be expressed in the phrase: "Strike all the world pink!"

Y. Y.

LONGEVITY

AMONGST warm-blooded animals man is the winner in life's race. This applies only to civilised man, since, in spite of the much-insisted-upon wear and tear of modern life, the average city worker of northern latitudes lives nearly twice as long as the easy-going savage. Adequate protection against extremes of cold and heat, rational dieting and above all the proper care of the teeth, have of recent years slightly increased the human life span. In the wild, once an animal's teeth begin to lose their efficiency, their owner is doomed.

Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell and Major Stanley Flower have given much attention to the subject of longevity in wild animals, and have found that a certain correlation between size and age appears to exist. The exceptions are so numerous, however, that generalisations are at best somewhat hazardous. For example, the elephant, the hippopotamus, and most of the larger hoofed animals live three or four times as long as most dogs, cats or rodents. Yet the whale, by far the largest of living animals, in all probability does not enjoy a longer life than that of the donkey. The age at which an animal reaches sexual maturity has a definite bearing upon its potential longevity, and recent inquiries have shown that some of the largest whales are capable of reproducing their species when only 2½ years old—an age when the average human is only just becoming sentient. In every department of the animal kingdom the theorist is thus confronted with examples which tend to upset his preconceptions concerning the determining factors in an animal's life span. One might reasonably suppose that the ostrich standing 8ft. high and weighing 200 lb. would easily outlive a vulture of little less than a quarter its weight. The ostrich does not, however, live more than 35 years, whilst vultures, parrots and ravens are all potential centenarians. An Egyptian vulture has been known to live for 108 years, a golden eagle for 104, and a parrot for 102. Still more surprising is it to learn that the large cassowary lives on an average but a very few years more than the diminutive skylark, which may under favourable conditions survive for over a quarter of a century. The longevity of the smaller species of birds is greater than is generally believed. Thus a nightingale has been recorded to have lived 25 years, a goldfinch 23, a cardinal 23, and a canary 20.

A number of animals have won entirely undeserved reputations for the kind of longevity associated with Methuselah,

but scientific investigations of the facts have proved that the honours accorded them are undeserved. The only animals known to outlive man are the giant tortoises of the Islands of Aldabra, off Madagascar, and Galapagos, off the coast of Ecuador. A giant Aldabra specimen which was not long ago living in the compound of the Royal Artillery mess at Mauritius was taken from the French in 1810. This specimen was actually given special mention in the charter drawn up when the Island was ceded. The history of another, that died at Colombo in 1898, dated back over 200 years; whilst yet another, which died only three years ago, is known to have been a contemporary with Napoleon in his exile on St. Helena and was at the time full-grown. Tortoises tend to grow fast during their early years, and the annular rings upon their shells are to some extent indices of their longevity, though wear and tear in time obliterates the later rings, thus rendering the records somewhat unreliable.

Most creatures, compared to tortoises, are comparatively short-lived, and all those that attain to even thirty years and over can be counted on one's fingers. The following list gives an idea of the known potential longevity of various animals: Man 100 years, elephants 60, rhinoceroses 45, hippopotami 40, horses 40, whales 40, bears 35, apes 35, cats 30, giraffes 30, sea-lions 25, camels 25, bats 20, pigs 20, kangaroos 20, squirrels 15, rabbits 15, mice and rats 8.

Elephants in the popular imagination live for a century or more, but the many available records indicate that they seldom exceed the age of 50. Major Flower, who has examined the passports of some hundreds of elephants kept in India as well as in Europe and America, states that he is unable to find any evidence of an elephant living to the age of 100. He is of opinion that the life span of these mammals is much less than that of man, averaging only about 40 years. Writing about lions which have been kept in captivity for over 30 years, Major Flower observes that they do so well in menageries that they outlive their normal span of life. He points out that a captive lion sheltered from the elements, and from other competitors in the struggle for existence, and with suitable food placed within reach, goes on living to an age that it cannot attain in the wild state. The wild lion is in its prime of life when five to seven years old. After twelve years the animal begins to lose its teeth and is then killed by its younger and more vigorous companions.

Fish carry on their persons age-certificates. The annual rings which form on their scales exactly correspond with similar rings upon their otoliths or ear-bones, and of late years lines of growth have been found upon the vertebrae of certain species—notably the tunny. Many are long-lived. Thus the fresh-water sturgeon living in Captain Vipan's private aquarium at Stibbington Hall, Northamptonshire, are known to have been obtained from Russia over 40 years ago, whilst a number of giant cat-fish in the Duke of Bedford's lake at Woburn have seen 65 years of captivity.

Amphibians are nearly allied to fish, and I have now under observation some Japanese salamanders which may possibly live to be nearly a hundred by the time they reach their maximum size—namely, 5ft. As with big fish, these creatures grow rapidly during the spring-time of their lives. The salamanders in question put on 2in. a year while in their "teens," but, having reached a length of about 2ft., slowed down to a yearly growth of less than half an inch. The common toad, which is credited with surviving for countless centuries walled up in crypts, will, it has been found, die of starvation in less than a year, and scientific investigators have put its utmost life span at only 35.

In a few invertebrate animals age can be ascertained with some accuracy. Some shell-bearing molluscs, for example, give away their ages in certain well-defined marks of growth on their shells, and thus the diner with an inquiring mind is able to tell that the oysters on his plate enjoyed some four to five years of undisturbed calm before being dragged from their beds for his sustenance and delectation.

E. G. BOULENGER

Correspondence

PSYCHOLOGY AND PEACE

SIR,—I can well understand the exasperation of that brilliant young Cambridge philosopher (quoted by "Critic" in your London Diary of June 6th) whose opponents sought to attribute his considered opinions to his Oedipus Complex. His indignant appeal to be judged on the facts would, no doubt, be echoed by all who have suffered the callow administrations of amateur analysts. "Critic" is, however, not himself averse to the application of psycho-analytic findings to social phenomena. He finds the method useful in the investigation of crime, punishment and other group idiosyncrasies. But he feels less certain about their application to the complexities of current political and international events. In particular, he believes that the analysis of pacifist tactics and of the function of the League of Nations I have given in *The Dangers of Being Human* is sufficiently wide of the facts to suggest the grinding of emotional axes. I feel, however, that the necessarily condensed presentation of my argument given by "Critic" scarcely does justice to the positions I have taken up, and I hope you will allow me to restate a few of the more essential points.

One of the greatest dangers to which man is exposed is the temptation to interpret his own plans and behaviour in terms of rational mental function. Running this a close second is the need to believe that his ethical drives or, more popularly, his good intentions add special virtue to his judgment of objective reality. A third is the tendency to live on pious hopes, to believe that what he feels to be desirable actually exists; in other words, to protect himself from his anxieties and shortcomings by the manufacture of Myths. There are, of course, many other perilous illusions to which man is subject, and naturally the greater the number that are exploited in any one situation, the greater the likelihood of catastrophe. Man, in short, is a dangerous animal because nine times out of ten he prefers immediate peace of mind to a bare assessment of reality.

Now the cases in question, the tactics of pacifists and the functioning of the League of Nations, must be examined separately before we attempt to assess their significance as temporarily combined factors. It is this preliminary assessment to which "Critic" has done less than justice in his review. In particular, I cannot accept his rendering of my views on the unconscious mentality of the average pacifist. He makes me say simply that the pacifist has unconscious warlike drives, and comments that this isn't very helpful since we all have. Now my point about the pacifist is not simply that he shares the unconscious warlike drives of all humanity. On the contrary, the danger of the pacifist lies in his warlike *anti-war* drives, which draw energy from his own unconscious Sadism and are, therefore, liable under strain to revert to type and produce a sadistic explosion. "Critic" makes a point, for example, that had the pacifist wished to stir up war-fever against Italy, he had only to exploit the Italian threat to the communications of the British Empire. He almost suggests that the pacifist might well be excused if he were surprised at his own tolerance and self-restraint. I cannot say that my own studies of pacifist newspapers confirm his impressions of studious self-control, to say nothing of fair-mindedness. And in any case, it would clearly have been fatuous for pacifists who were gambling on the hypothetical functions of an international organisation to whip up supporters by appealing to their Chauvinism. The dangerousness of the pacifist lies in another direction, in the tendentiousness of his peace-manœuvres. The notorious Peace Ballot is in itself sufficient evidence of the unscrupulous methods to which pacifists will descend under cover of righteous intention. Fortunately for Europe, though perhaps unfortunately for the ex-Emperor of Abyssinia and his vassals, the result was read with almost cynical accuracy by the European countries most concerned. But it exhibited the dangerous and deplorable tendencies of pacifist organisations who at other times are ready enough to accuse armament manufacturers and the like of pernicious propaganda. The assumption was, of course, that misleading information is somehow made more laudable through an appeal to ethical feeling, an interesting assumption when one remembers that ethical feeling derives almost as much from anxiety as from love.

Now the League of Nations admittedly is not in itself a pacifist organisation. But it has all the hallmarks and weaknesses of a reformist institution. It is, in fact, an attempt to copy in group

affairs the structure of man's individual conscience. Fortunately, so far it has not had at its disposal the energies that make man's individual conscience a somewhat terrifying and dangerous instrument. For although it may be said that the urges of human conscience have contributed to the more civilised aspects of human life, there is, unfortunately, no doubt they have been responsible for a very considerable number of the savage horrors that have disfigured human history. The slightest consideration of the dynamics of individual conscience would have shown that the League as existing could not act as an instrument of peace. For human conscience depends not only on a powerful consensus of social feeling which is mobilised against primitive egoistic urges; it depends on a still more powerful and unconscious drive of the ego against its own urges. There are no comparable conditions in international affairs. The effective drives of nations are still tied to nationalist ideologies (the politician, I believe, calls this "the retention of sovereign rights"). And we have now convincing proof of what might have been deduced from *a priori* considerations, that the main effective functions of the League are to provide a cover for the secret Chauvinistic aims of the more powerful members, to satisfy the tea-table aspirations of Foreign Secretaries and to assuage the anxieties of political housewives by giving these aspirations the external embodiment of a Myth. The idea of an effective League of Nations is at present a Myth, and it is a dangerous Myth. It is dangerous for two main reasons; first, that it gives false reassurance and, second, that it provides a focus for the aggressive energies (conscious and unconscious) of every variety of pacifist.

But "Critic" himself saves me the trouble of making out this case in greater detail. A large part of his review is devoted to setting forth those conditional clauses which are a prerequisite of effective action on the part of the League, clauses which, as recent events have shown, have never been implemented. There is, indeed, almost a Mad Hatter inconsequence in much recent pacifist argumentation, as if one were to say: "If the League had been effective, it would have been effective and that would have been very nice; as it couldn't be effective and hasn't been effective it has failed and now we are much more afraid of what we were already afraid of; but this only shows how effective it should have been, so we must go on being more effectively ineffective to be effective and that will be very nice indeed." True, "Critic" is not himself guilty of such inconsequence, but I regret to see that he takes recourse to some of those specious analogies that are a constant temptation to gamblers. He says: "Ignoring all the complexities of the situation, Dr. Glover concentrates on the fear mentality of the aggressor countries—which is as if a man were to argue that because burglars are afraid of the law, we ought to abolish policemen." Now in the first place I never suggested that the (conscious and unconscious) fear motivating aggressor countries was fear of the law (nor, for that part, did I ever suggest that we should "give a dictator what he wants"); in the second, there *is* no law, and in the third, there are *no* policemen. I am sincerely convinced that all this talk about international policemen has done more to bemuse and delude idealistically-minded citizens than any other form of pacifist argument. Moreover, I believe that if we could only refrain from indulging in images of the League of Nations as a beauteous maiden complete with white robes, dove and olive branches and, for a change, think of it as a badly organised Trade Union of burglars, ex-convicts and scantily reformed lags, trying from time to time to give themselves the airs and graces of policemen, it would not be so difficult to see why the recent and much-vaunted larceny recommendations have never been put into effect. This is no argument against the organisation of a League of Nations, but it is an argument against putting our faith in Myths during realistic emergencies.

EDWARD GLOVER

18 Wimpole Street.

ARABS AND THE JEWS

SIR,—Mr. Ashbee writes that the Balfour Declaration "had in it a fundamental dishonesty and injustice," but makes no attempt to substantiate this astonishing assertion. Nor, indeed, would he find it easy to do so, since his visit to Palestine last year must have convinced him that the work of Jewish resettlement in the past sixteen years has conferred far greater benefits upon the Arabs than they had received under centuries of Turkish domination or had been able to acquire for themselves. He must likewise have found that the Arabs, while relieved of military conscription and various burdensome taxes to which they were previously subjected, have not been deprived of a single right of any consequence, unless he has in mind the right to send four deputies to the short-lived Ottoman Parliament in Constantinople, where they were totally unable to achieve anything for the betterment of Palestine. There are now 2,500 Arabs in the employment of the Palestine Government; before the war there was certainly nothing like that number in the civil service. Is that an injustice?

The fundamental fallacy underlying the question that Mr. Ashbee puts: "Would you like an alien race, without your consent, to be provided with a 'National Home' in England?" is that the Jews cannot be regarded as an alien race in respect of Palestine. For it was in that country that they lived as an independent people for 1,500 years, it was there that they acquired and developed their nationhood; there that their language, literature, religion, culture, customs, ideals, traditions, were fashioned and fostered; there that their kings ruled, their prophets taught, their psalmists sang. The Jews were everything to Palestine, for it was they who made it the Holy Land. But the Arabs, unlike the Jews, did not derive their nationhood from Palestine; they derived it from Arabia, whence they have their name, their tongue, and their faith, and where the overwhelming majority of their race are settled. There is room enough for both the Jews and Arabs now in Palestine, and for considerably additional numbers, provided that the progress of recent years continues without interruption.

Mr. Ashbee appears to have forgotten that there was, indeed, once an alien race that came into England to establish a "National Home," without asking the consent of the natives. That was 1,500 years ago, and Mr. Ashbee may be a descendant of the alien invaders. The period of the Anglo-Saxon occupation in this country is no longer than that of the Jewish occupation in ancient Palestine.

Mr. Jefferies overlooks the fact that if the Arabs of Palestine had not been liberated from Turkish domination by British arms, they would have continued in the state of subjugation in which they had suffered and stagnated for centuries. He also overlooks the fact that the Arabs of Palestine never formed a distinct people or had a State of their own, but were always part—the very smallest part—of the Arab race, whose home was and is mainly in Arabia. The resettlement of the Jews in Palestine cannot in any way affect the status of the Arab race, which has at its disposal vast territories sparsely populated, or the integrity of Arab culture; on the other hand, it is of vital importance to the Jews as a people and has been rendered an urgent practical necessity by the increasing prevalence of violent Anti-Semitism in Central and Eastern Europe.

The Zionist Organisation, Central Office, 77 Great Russell Street, W.C.1. ISRAEL COHEN

SIR,—The Arabs are demanding the stoppage of Jewish immigration into Palestine, the practical revocation of the Mandate and the setting up of a National Arab Government. Had I been writing a year ago I might have argued that the undertaking to establish a Jewish National Home in Palestine is a solemn and binding international obligation; that it was promised in the Balfour Declaration, explicitly reaffirmed by the League of Nations in the Mandate, recognised by both the Senate and the House of Representatives of the United States, repeatedly accepted by leaders of all parties and by all Governments since the war, and reiterated only last week by the accredited British representative before the Mandates' Commission. But I imagine that to argue in this way savours of unseemly simplicity; though it must be remembered that 350,000 Jews took these promises sufficiently seriously to go to Palestine and build up the country with their labour and self-sacrifice. During this period the Arab population has increased by over 400,000, Arabs are flowing into Palestine in tens of thousands from neighbouring lands, and the economic position of the Arab peasants and working classes in the neighbourhood of Jewish centres of settlement has improved about three-fold.

There is, however, one aspect of the Palestine problem to which no attention has been drawn in your columns. For some three years I have been associated with organisations which have concerned themselves with helping German Jewry. In the early days of the Nazi regime many German Jews believed that in the course of time their position might improve and that they still had prospects of existence in the land of their birth; but since the issue of the Nuremberg decrees they are unanimously of the opinion that they have no alternative but to leave Germany and seek refuge elsewhere. Tens of thousands of young men and women have consequently undergone training in agriculture and handicrafts to fit them for a useful life in other lands. Jewry the

world over has raised several million pounds to enable this work to go on and to facilitate the resettlement schemes. In practice, however, we have found that the frontiers of all countries are closed to refugees and it is with the greatest difficulty that small handfuls of potentially useful citizens have been admitted even into lands which are grossly under-populated. Palestine has become to an increasing extent the only land which can absorb large numbers of Jewish immigrants from Germany because there, hitherto, Jews could enter "as of right and not on sufferance."

It must be stressed that this resettlement work in Palestine has been financed entirely by Jewish organisations without any Government assistance, and has produced nothing but benefit to the existing inhabitants of the country. Should these immigration facilities be curtailed there is no doubt that the present schemes for the relief of German Jewry must collapse. British public opinion has repeatedly manifested its sincere sympathy with the plight of German Jewry. Britain must remember that by closing the doors of Palestine, or by not keeping them open to the fullest extent that the economic absorptive capacity of the country will permit, it is depriving the Jews of Germany of their one hope of salvation.

I must stress that there is no *Palestinian* Arab nationalism. The Arabs wish to add the 10,000 square miles of Palestine to the vast Arab areas which already stretch from the Indian Ocean to the Mediterranean. They have failed to achieve their aims by peaceful means and have incited their followers to murder, arson and terrorism. To give way to their demands would be another step towards the establishment of the reign of lawlessness in the Near East; it would extinguish the last gleam of hope which the persecuted Jews of Germany and other lands still have. As for the fate of the Jewish minority in Palestine left to the care of an Arab Government, the fate of the Assyrian in Iraq cannot yet have been completely forgotten. S. WRIGHT

The Middlesex Hospital Medical School, W.1.

PUBLIC ASSISTANCE IN LONDON

SIR,—Mrs. Lloyd raises a question of principle which requires an answer. She says that orders for relief are now made by adjudicating officers in official privacy, and that an elected representative of the people should be entitled to be present at the act of adjudication in order to remove this privacy. Putting it positively, her principle is that there should be publicity for the amount and nature of the relief given to individual cases, and this involves publicity for the circumstances of the individuals who are given public assistance. This was in older days secured by posting their names and their relief on church doors. Public opinion now does not demand publicity of public assistance in individual cases.

Mrs. Lloyd may reply that she only wants the Chairman of the Area Committee to have the right of attendance. But if that attendance is not for the purpose of securing publicity, it can only have the object of inspecting and supervising the work of the adjudicating officer. The Council requires its chief officers to ensure that the officers in their departments faithfully and properly carry out their duties (in this instance the application of the Council's rules and standard of relief) and does not allow individual members of committees to undertake this function. The duties of adjudicating officers include the reporting of all their orders for relief to committees, who may call for the details of any individual case. T. J. HAYWARD

The County Hall, Chairman,
London, S.E.1. Public Assistance Committee
London County Council.

THE "QUEEN MARY"

SIR,—"Critic's" comments on the action of the press in making stunt news of the *Queen Mary* are nowhere so strongly approved as on Clydeside itself. The general feeling is that the whole publicity business has been grossly overdone. In the past there was a local pride which regarded the plain term "Clyde-built" as conveying sufficient assurance of quality. The long-sustained scream set up by the press arouses in the Scottish breast a guilty sense of a fall from traditional standards. J. S.

Glasgow.

JUSTICE IN NORTHERN IRELAND

SIR,—In your issue of 30th ult., under the heading "The Uses of Despotism," it is stated that in Northern Ireland the Resident Magistrates, the Home Secretary, and the police are banded together in a conspiracy to secure the will of the Protestant ruling class. I have practised as a solicitor in Northern Ireland since the Northern Government came into being, and for many years previously, and appear several times each week at Petty Sessions Courts, over which the Resident Magistrates preside. I act for clients of different political views and different religions. I can confidently state that, in my experience, there has never been any discrimination against a defendant, and that all decisions of the Resident Magistrates have been given impartially and the law fairly administered. MICHAEL J. JOHNSTON

Circular Road, Downpatrick.

[Has our correspondent read the evidence in the report of the Council for Civil Liberties on which our comment was based? —ED., *N. S. & N.*]

LET HIM THAT IS WITHOUT SIN . . .

SIR,—It is reported in the press that the Dean of Lincoln would like to condemn the "guilty" parties in divorces to a year's hard labour. Lord Merrivale is said to favour the taking away of their civil rights. Would it not be more effective to revert to the old-fashioned custom of stoning? Presumably the Dean would always be ready to oblige by coming forward, in the true Christian spirit, to throw the first stone. His lordship could come on at the other end after the first over. JOHN R. BAKER

94 Woodstock Road, Oxford.

CHAIN GANG

SIR,—The impression given by your article of May 9th is that large numbers of competitors, who can ill afford the money, are being exploited by unscrupulous newspaper proprietors, and that the adjudicators who handle the actual entries submitted in various contests by these unfortunate competitors are indignant about the callous treatment of these poor people by the papers concerned. As a competition specialist, I state emphatically that such suggestions are ridiculous and absolutely untrue.

My own experience in competitions is unique. I am known to the competing public as an expert with unrivalled records. I personally wrote the line which won the first prize of £5,500 in the *John Bull* "Bullets" Competition, No. 912—the largest first prize ever offered in any literary competition, and this first prize is but one of over thirty first prizes that I have won for competitors as a professional solutionist and competition adviser during the last few years. Associated with me in my Service is an ex-Adjudicator who has had an intimate experience of the principal contests now running.

The truth is that the attitude of mind of the average competitor in these literary contests is one of sustained interest and pleasurable expectation, based on the assurance and knowledge that the best lines win. The great majority are good sportsmen, who realise that patience and an appreciative study of the prize-lists are vital factors in success. Such appreciative study is itself a beneficial and educative influence, for the evolution of winning lines calls for a literary technique which can only be comparable to the creation of good English literature. In fact, the technical principles of English literature—symbolism, paradox, alliteration, assonance, rhythm, etc.—are continually applied.

If literary contests did not exist, then the hundreds of thousands of people interested in them would probably be attracted by speculative recreations, such as football pools, gambling on horse and dog racing, etc. Would anyone seriously suggest that it would be better and more educative for this large section of the public if their minds were occupied with the study of racing records, instead of the study of our wonderful English language—as is necessary in the case of literary contests?

But literary contests are not merely justified as an intellectual recreation—they have been instrumental in bringing material prosperity to thousands. An outstanding instance of this is the case of the winner of the £5,500 prize mentioned earlier in this letter. The winner, his wife, and little children were living in a Liverpool slum before success came. They had no hope, whatever, of escape from the cruel conditions in which they existed—no hope *except* competitions. Even through months of privation that little family managed to maintain their entries in "Bullets" with an expenditure of a few coppers a week—entries which gave them encouragement to keep going and look forward to the future. The day came when the little family received the good news of the "Bullets" first prize, with the result that at least five human lives have been completely transformed and made healthier and happier.

This is one case among thousands—and in practically every

case the prize-winner alone is not benefited—happiness and prosperity comes to his or her family as a widening influence for good.

Fairview Way, Edgware. J. R. CONSTANCE

SIR,—Your article on "Chain Gangs" gave me and no doubt other ex-adjudicators of so-called "literary" competitions inestimable pleasure. I, too, spent a brief and unhappy period listening to the pontifical voice of an ex-clerk, elevated from his high stool to the noble status of Competition Editor. I, too, have had explained to me by this same ex-clerk the originality, satire, sparkling wit or universal truth of a line, which, in my private opinion, might have been written by a cretin. And I, too, have had to bear the pangs of a conscience sorely smitten by the knowledge that my guinea a day depleted the pathetic income of washerwomen and men on the dole.

During my seven daily working hours I was expected to judge 2,500 coupons each containing two of the competitor's efforts. In other words, I was given approximately eight seconds to glean the originality, satire, sparkling wit or universal truth of each line! Eight seconds quite apart from such inevitable human factors as fatigue, occasional lack of concentration, etc. So much for the pathetic charwomen!

Needless to say, I left as soon as an opportunity presented itself, but I saw enough to bear witness to the stern veracity of "Journalist's" assertions. Most of my fellow-adjudicators have been less fortunate than myself. Intelligent men of university status with wives and children to care for still have a daily struggle with their consciences and still submit to lessons in English from Mr. Competition Editor, in whose expression lurks a smirking admiration for that brilliant brain which could graduate from High Stool to Editor's Desk. "ANOTHER JOURNALIST"

MARX THE POLITICIAN

SIR,—In his review of Sidney Hook's *From Hegel to Marx* in your last issue Mr. Crossman makes some extraordinary remarks about the early development of Marx. Some derive from a too credulous acceptance of Professor Hook's theses, concerning which I do not want to say anything, but some express Mr. Crossman's own considered judgment, and call for comment.

In general, Mr. Crossman says that Marx's philosophy (in the period before 1848) interprets "not the real world of political strife, but the brittle sphere of theological and philosophical controversy"; "the class-struggle is the *logical* outcome of reversing the Hegelian dialectic"; Marx remained a "pure philosopher," "did not leave his study," etc.

Whatever one thinks about Marx's philosophical or social system, these statements of Mr. Crossman are simply wrong. Professor Hook deals in his book, it is true, only with Marx's theoretical development; but this development is accompanied and controlled at every step by practical political activity. I will enumerate the most important stages of this political development.

1. Marx is involved in the movement against the tyranny of religion—sees the State as the means to secure the liberty of thought against the Church (*ca.* 1840).

2. He is involved in the struggle for academic freedom, caused by the dismissal of Bauer from his academic post (1841–2).

3. He attacks the Censorship laws of Frederick William IV (1842).

4. He takes up active journalism as editor of the *Rheinische Zeitung*, which he makes the most radical of liberal papers. Here for the first time (end of 1842) he takes up social questions, and examines the social conditions of peasantry and lower classes, and their relations to other classes. He comes to realise that the State supports the propertied class against the poor. The Censorship forces him out of the country—not because of "theological" writings, but because of his social agitation.

5. In Paris he comes into contact, for the first time, with the proletariat and with socialist thinkers (Proudhon, Fourier, etc.) (1843). He works with Engels, who knows the Chartists and has just finished his *Condition of the Working-Class in England*. Marx now tackles all the old problems, the liberal problems of political liberty and liberty of thought, liberation of the Jews, etc., from the point of view of the Socialists. He solves the false liberal antithesis of Civil Society—State by the antithesis, Socialist Society—Capitalist Society. He enters actively into active relations with working-class movement in Germany, France and England, and is invited by working-class leaders to write the Communist Manifesto.

The above points make it quite clear that Marx was not an abstract student, but involved in practical political activity. In Germany this activity was necessarily of a radical-liberal kind; only abroad did historical conditions allow him to take up working-class activity. His whole theoretical activity follows the same line, culminating in his overthrow of Hegel's theory of the State with the Marxist theory—the latter, however, not a "logical" outcome of Hegel, as Mr. Crossman says, but an outcome arrived at through social experience and activity. R. PASCAL

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Chesterton Lane, Cambridge.

Miscellany

THE STRIKES IN PARIS

COQUETTISH weather—one day delicious sunshine, the next sulky clouds and driving rain. All over Paris groups of people in the streets arguing, hoarse voices crying, "*Populaire!* Demandez *le Populaire!*" "*L'Humanité!* Demandez *l'Human!*" Shabby men in chokers distributing political leaflets at the street corners: a surprising number of bicycles suddenly appearing as petrol for motor cars gives out.

Outside the shuttered shops and barred factories big crowds of sympathisers, relatives and friends, *including the police*, and wherever you look the red flag fluttering aloft side by side with the tricolour.

Shirley Temple showing at the *Marbeuf:* Marlene at the *Balzac: Gaumont* and the *Rex* (the two biggest cinemas of Paris) not showing at all because they are occupied by the striking staff—operators, musicians and programme-sellers. The shop-girls at Lafayette and Samaritaine sleeping on the hard counters amongst the *nouveautés;* their mothers, with the baby on one arm and an oilcloth market-bag of provisions on the other, hurrying round to Compteurs, Montrouge, where their fathers are on strike.

Every night a *bal*—in the factory courtyard, or amongst the machinery, or, for the building-workers, under the open sky. Loudspeakers in action, broadcasting comic songs and serious harangues. Tired men stretched on concrete floors in exhausted sleep. Courageous faces lined with fatigue and eyes bright with grim determination. Five editions a day of *L'Humanité*—printing on paper allowed past the blockade by special permission of the paper-makers' Trades Union—nearly a million copies on sale—the staff without sleep for three nights coping with the swollen editions—at the barred guichet in the Rue Montmartre long lines of the poorest workers waiting eagerly in a queue to take their quota on the streets. (All the papers are sold entirely by voluntary help now.) Strikes reaching settlement and new strikes breaking out all the time: within five minutes they cease work, run up a red flag (followed by the tricolour after thinking it out) and sit down where they are. This is what Paris is like to-day.

That these stay-in strikes are the most successful peaceful weapon the working-class has so far evolved is indisputable. Several points about this wave of strikes are worthy of study. In the first place they are spontaneous movements from below, contrary to what so many foreign newspapers would have us believe (the French press is much more honest on this point). In the Paris factories where the strikes first broke out not more than ten per cent. of the workers were organised at all. Having started their strike they sent a delegate, of their own accord, to the Trades Union for leadership. Now they are all flocking into the Trades Unions. At a bridge repairing site on the Seine not one of the eighty white and North African labourers belonged to the Trades Union before the strike began. Now they are 100 per cent. Trade Union members. This particular strike has shown clearly the real solidarity between the workers there. Black and white, they take turns to patrol the site, guarding the construction against sabotage. The coloured workers here are Mussulman, and the white workers (though largely non-religious themselves) have taken pains

to ensure that the food given to their black comrades shall be prepared according to Mohammedan laws. On the wall-newspaper at a big engineering factory at Montrouge where 2,000 workers are on strike these words are prominent: *Camarades Chrétiens! Le Christe était Socialiste!* These *Vandewalle* labourers have put up a tough resistance to keep their strike going. Completely unsheltered from the weather, they spent the first three nights of their strike sleeping out in the open in the rain and cold. Now they have moved the bags of cement to a safe place and enjoy the comparative luxury of sleeping in the open cement-wagons. Food was not easy. The arrondissement where their site is situated is in the heart of rich reactionary Paris. Collections from the people on the bridge above, help from the red suburbs, gifts from friendly shopkeepers and hot meals from sympathetic restaurants near-by are now making their strike much easier for them. On Saturday night these cheerful fellows put up a lively vaudeville show (a screamingly funny mock Normandy marriage, solemnised by a low-comedian priest) on their dump by the Seine. Obviously it wasn't only to raise a collection, although the crowds hanging over the bridge contributed liberally afterwards; it was a spontaneous expression of salty working-class humour and good spirits. These eighty labourers were absolutely determined not to give in until they got the better conditions they were fighting for; safeguarding of dangerous machinery (there had been many fatal accidents on their job), no speed-up, and an increase in wages of a franc an hour all round.

At Villejuif 300 builders have been out several days already. Like old soldiers they have made themselves as comfortable as possible, built themselves a brick furnace to cook their dinners, sleeping on straw and tarpaulins when the only place to sleep is in the damp foundations of the new houses they are building. "*Jusqu'à trois heures du matin, c'est pas si mal . . .*," said a huge blue-eyed mason to me, shrugging his heavy shoulders, and grinning all over his weather-beaten face, "*après ça, vous savez, ça devient un peu froid . . .*"

I saw here the close of a stirring demonstration on Sunday afternoon. These 300 (leaving responsible mates in charge of the construction) had marched all round Villejuif in their blue work-clothes to tell the population how their strike was getting on. They had no banner; instead one of them had hastily nailed together a crude board on which was scrawled in blue crayon the words:—*Les Ouvriers En Lutte De Chez Tonbu.*

In a forest of raised clenched fists, to the thunder of drums and brass trumpets and the howling of accordions they returned in close formation to their strike, shouting the Internationale at the top of their voices; then the Carmagnole, followed by the rhythmic insistent cry "*Les Soviets par—tout . . . Les Soviets par — tout*" and cheered on by the whole population of this enthusiastic Communist suburb.

Although there is much gaiety in these strikes, the discipline is everywhere of the highest, almost puritanical order. From the giant strike of 35,000 Renault workers at Saint-Cloud to the two shop-assistants who refuse to leave their bonneterie at Belleville, the same grave sense of responsibility is evident. "*La victoire sera assurée par l'union, par la discipline et par le sangfroid de tous—par le soutient moral et matériel qu'apporteront les masses aux grèvistes.*"

The factories and machines are being cleaned as never before. The discipline is absolute. In the provision factory Géo at Villejuif, where 800 men and women are on strike for five days, not a morsel of the food was touched by the hungry strikers; they waited hungry until their strike committee arranged for their food supplies to come through the municipality. Those red-armletted workers, assigned special jobs of guarding and organising, take their duties with a seriousness that makes one think of war-time. The Paris workers, in fact, are not merely winning their demands but are gaining invaluable experience and confidence in running their factories by themselves.

As to danger from Fascist provocation, they feel that it is conquered for the time being, although they are still taking every precaution against any attempt at disturbance. It will be interesting to see what happens on July 14th, when the *Front Populaire* will bring over a million and a half manual and brain workers out on the streets of Paris. PEARL BINDER

VOX CLAMANTIS IN DESERTO

"War is the supreme reality in the life of a nation. All else, even in times of peace—which are but a preparation for times of war—must be subordinated to this reality. War is not an instrument of policy: policy is an instrument of war."—LUDENDORFF.

THE voice of one crying in the wilderness,
Prepare ye the way of the Lord.
My mind aches, my temples throb,
my tongue is swollen and dry,
the seat of my reason would give way
When I behold the desolation we have made
and called it peace.
(If there were only twenty men found in the city,
or ten or five,
Still would I not destroy it.
Can the city be saved?
But the city does not want to be saved.)
War is not an instrument of policy:
Clausewitz was wrong: we know a thing or two
To-day: policy is an instrument of war.
Where had we heard that before?
Ludendorff in nineteen-eighteen,
then after the War heard no more,
no more attended to
than an old rag upon a stick,
a clout upon an old clothes-line:
Now back again in place and power,
the man of the War;
the men of after the War all dead:
Liebknecht dead; Ebert dead
that should have been his friend;
Rathenau dead; Erzberger dead;
The genial Stresemann that faced Europe
dying, with a smile:
safe in his grave, felicitously deaf
to all that has come after:
the man of the trenches, of the Munich bier-halle,
the nondescript of nineteen-fourteen,
in the seat of power,
having learnt nothing and forgotten nothing by the War,
remaking the world to what it was before.
The men of the War come back once more,
Ludendorff and Mackensen, Göring
the friend of Richthofen, writing
the latter's will more largely upon the air.
My reason would give way when I observe
the world that these have made.
Am I insane? I ask. Or am I sane?
The question that Swift often and often would put
to himself,
Looking out with too clear a vision upon the world's
insanity.
The world concluded that it was sane, Swift mad.
Am I perhaps mad? and Ludendorff sane?
Then policy is but an instrument of war,
war the one reality,
the one thing certain
in a world unreal,
the world of a dream.
The voice of one crying,
The voice of one crying in the wilderness. Repent
for the Kingdom
sane
the Kingdom
sane sane sane
is at hand!

A. L. ROWSE

NOAH'S SONG

[This poem is from Ernst Toller's *No More Peace* at the Gate Theatre.]

SINCE Man out of Monkey came
Cried the Cow to the Man-in-the-Moon,
Equality is not for him;
And since he is half divine
Ever must his heart incline
To peacocks, jewels, women, wine;
And who sups with the Devil must have a long spoon.

Fortune by her fancies led
Cried the Cow to the Man-in-the-Moon,
Brings strange gifts to the marriage bed;
Some get failure, some success,
He that hath, him she will bless,
And he that hath not shall have less
And who sups with the Devil must have a long spoon.

One in rage and vermin must
Cried the Cow to the Man-in-the-Moon,
Come empty fisted to the dust;
While another through the land
Rides with rings upon his hand;
For some must kneel and some must stand
And who sups with the Devil must have a long spoon.

Singers are more loved than saints
Cried the Cow to the Man-in-the-Moon,
And the good God dislikes complaints;
Who dare grumble if the Law
Spare the rich and take the poor
And two and two add up to four
And who sups with the Devil must have a long spoon.

ERNST TOLLER
(adapted by W. H. Auden)

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Miss Smith," at the Duke of York's

On whether one manages to believe in Miss Smith—and, if one believes, whether one finds her personality sympathetic or quite remarkably the reverse—must depend one's appreciation of the pleasant little comedy that bears her name, now showing at the Duke of York's theatre. For Miss Smith is an angel in the house. The household she dominates is not her own. She is, in fact, nursery-governess to the family of a rich Yorkshire manufacturer, Mr. Marden; but the Mardens have come to depend on her in a dozen different ways; and, when their artist son brings home the chorus-girl whom he proposes to marry, it falls to Miss Smith to rout the intruder. This she does by a display of feminine diplomacy that would have been more entertaining if it has been slightly less un-subtle. Her talents range from arranging the flowers in Mrs. Marden's drawing-room to settling a strike in Mr. Marden's works. Socially, she is "a cut above" her employers; but her sense of superiority is concealed beneath an attitude of mousy reserve that any other family might have found exceedingly irritating. Even Miss Olga Lindo cannot make Miss Smith seem entirely likeable. But she does her best; while Miss Phyllis Konstam gives a high-spirited performance as Trixie Drew, the gold-digging chorus-girl out for Charles Marden's money. The real honours of the evening, however, go to Mr. and Mrs. Marden, as interpreted by Mr. Julien Mitchell and Miss Dora Gregory. The latter is an exceptionally clever actress; her Mrs. Marden is an admirable essay in comic portraiture.

"The Ex Mrs. Bradford," at the Carlton

The two most popular talkies of intelligence made during the last three years have surely been *The Thin Man* and *It Happened One Night*. Both were comedies, the one with a dash of excitement and crime, the other verging prettily on the sentimental, or, as Hollywood labels it, the ro-mantic. As these films were not only quite good but very successful, and not only that but easy to imitate, they have been imitated again and again. The close imitations never really came up to these twin standards of comedy, but other films, following slightly different formulas, surpassed that of the witty murder-film and equalled that of the gay love-story. Now William Powell's new picture is an improvement on *The Thin Man*, although modelled as closely as possible on it. In the 1934 film the detective's wife was Myrna Loy, and the dialogue was as fresh as fresh—but it went all to pieces with the suspects' dinner party, which provided an unstable and silly denouement. The 1936 production also musters its possible criminals in an obviously unnecessary last round-up—but it adds a final comic little *tête-à-tête* and never entirely loses touch. Even more involved than its predecessor—and as full of queerly fortunate coincidences—the trail of crime it uncovers is more sinister, and its comedy more subtle, though no slicker, than the homicide and the banter which made that other film so smart a success. Vandyke's direction of *The Thin Man* was superlatively good for nine tenths of the film: but Stephen Roberts seems to have allowed the principals of *The Ex Mrs. Bradford* an even freer face. Jean Arthur and William Powell make clever use of excellent opportunities, and Eric Blore is so good that one hopes he will remain in Hollywood. For neat direction, smooth acting and happy dialogue, a film to be recommended.

"Two's Company," at the London Pavilion

This film is based on the simple idea of bringing two well-known character actors, one English, the other American, on to the screen together; and it's a simple film that results from the experiment. But as the two "cards" in question are Gordon Harker and Ned Sparks, it was bound to have a certain humour. Both men have a distinctive, emphatic grasp of comedy, a sound sense of the typical, and the precious gift of personality. They bring these abilities to bear on the business of the film, which is the good old jest of a bunch of Americans squatting among the damp relics of our island history in a fine old English manor. Morton Selton, as the noble landlord of the place, and Henry Holman as his barbarian tenant, echo the contrast and misunderstandings between Sparks and Harker, representatives of "refaned," insular England and ill-bred, democratic America. This they do amusingly and well; but when neither pair of antagonists is carrying on the farce, when, for instance, we have to eavesdrop on an Anglo-American courtship, all pace and interest is lost and the film sinks like a stone. *Two's Company* is mild entertainment at best, it tends to be monotonous and some of the time it's slow. Yet it has the engaging qualities of cheerful good-humour and freedom from diplomatic hypocrisy. Its best line is Ned Sparks' sour "If you want to make an Englishman happy in his old age, tell him a joke when he's young."

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, June 12th—
"Streets of London," Tavistock Little Theatre.

SATURDAY, June 13th—
Country Dance Party by the English Folk Dance and Song Society, Hyde Park, 3 and 7.

SUNDAY, June 14th—
Har Dayal on "Chinese Art: Its Spirit and Message," Conway Hall, 11.
Dr. F. D. Klingender on "The Black-coated Worker Under Capitalism," Marx House, Clerkenwell Green, 7.30.

MONDAY, June 15th—
Public meeting on "The League and Abyssinia." Speeches by Princess Tsahai of Ethiopia, Miss Eleanor Rathbone, Mrs. Corbett Ashby and others, Queen's Hall, 8.
Ballets Russes, Covent Garden.

TUESDAY, June 16th—
Lord Ponsonby on "Why I Oppose Sanctions," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
M. André Breton (in French) on "Limites non Frontières du Surréalisme," New Burlington Galleries, 5.
Dr. R. B. Cattell on "Is National Intelligence Declining," Rooms of the Linnean Society, Burlington House, 5.15.
"The Insect Play," Little Theatre.

FRIDAY, June 19th—
International Association of Writers for the Defence of Culture. Opening Session of Members' Congress, Friends House, Euston Rd., 8.30. Writers interested can obtain information from Mrs. Williams-Ellis, Romney's House, Holly Bush Hill, N.W.3.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE sea, which will corrode almost every material, from concrete to stainless steel, has a strangely purifying effect on the human spirit. Sailors are a lawless, criminal set; they commit every vice and every crime, but they appear to do so with spiritual impunity. Not only do their blue eyes remain steady and candid and their brick-red faces as fresh and angelic as that of Mr. Dorian Gray, but their consciences remain as clear as their complexions. A British sailor remains innocent whatever he does. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that after landing in a strange port and immediately committing murder, rape and arson, he will fight his way back to his ship and sail away with terrible notions of the landsharks amongst whom he fell. This extraordinary innocence of spirit, which makes sailors so universally attractive, is well illustrated in a volume of memoirs which has just been published: *Ramblin' Jack, the Journal of Capt. John Cremer, 1700–1774, edited by R. Reynell Bellamy, with an Introduction by Sir John Squire* (Cape, 7*s.* 6*d.*). It is a most remarkable document, the authentic memories of an English sailor of about the period of Robinson Crusoe which has remained in the family of his descendants and is now transcribed and edited by one of them. Its genuineness is vouched for by the fact that footnotes, substantiating many of John Cremer's references, have been added by Mr. Tunstall of the Navy Records Society. Since every word in it bears the stamp of truth, it is a document of some historical value, though most people will read it purely for the picture it gives of the British sailor who seems to have been much the same in all ages. The book is not really a journal, for it was written in old age and it only relates what occurred during his boyhood and early manhood. And there is one sad blot. During some time in the nineteenth century the manuscript was bowdlerised by one of Jack's female descendants, whole pages being snipped out with scissors. The book is otherwise published as it was written except for one or two alterations in spelling. Ramblin' Jack always wrote *they see* for *the sea* and vice versa, which makes confusing reading. Such difficulties have been straightened out; words like *archis of pelligoe* have been left as he wrote them.

* * *

After the death of his father, a sea captain and a descendant of the great Sir George Somers, who was wrecked on the Bermudas while sailing to Virginia, Jack was brought up by an aunt at Plymouth until he "begun to be outragoes," refusing to say his prayers at the age of seven. He was sent up to London, where his mother was living, but his brothers called him their "West-cuntry brother or Hick man drowdell Jack," a metropolitan insult which "youst to inrage" him. The incessant quarling was so bad that his unkle, then pressing men for sea, relieved the family of the young firebrand, and at the age of eight Jack sailed on board a vessel of the Royal Navy. He was for some time kept in the dark, half starved and never washed or attended to; this was due to the laziness of the seaman in whose charge he had been put. There were half a dozen boys of about fourteen or fifteen on board, sons of the Captain, boatswain, carpenter, etc., who were all brought up together, being taught reading, writing, arithmetic and Latin, being savagely whipped and left a good deal of freedom.

> While we was in helford Sluce on or about December, but however long Nights and Cold our Dockter paid a visset to the boatswain and they drank plentifully. The Dockter had got me wheped a little before, as I shall relate moore and why. But the Dockter taking leave of the boatswaine from out of his Cabin, and the boatswaine Soc drunk he could not stand, but his boy held his Master's Light up for him to get aft to the hatchway. We had a dead Corps laying on the gratin, which I and my concert hauled acros the deck as the dockter came along, that he fell apon the Corps, he began to beat the corps and cry out for help, and held the dead man and Swoar he pushed him down. This proved a merry joake always afterwards, and a reward was offered to know who did it. Soe we two boys was afraid of each other betraying ourselves.

Shortly after this he was able to get out of the navy, and after one voyage on a merchantman was apprenticed to a carpenter:

> as I was the youngest of the prentices I youst to carry ye plats from Table to the Kitchen, and the maid calling—"You, Jack bring the plates out." Soe I being bred on board a man-of-War, youst to Answer—"Cumming, you bitch." Which pleased all the rest of the prentiseas; but she made a great complaint against me to Mistress and Master; soe that I was sent home to my Unkle againe. He received me not verey agreable but blamed me much.

Similar misfortune dogged him when he was apprenticed to a wine merchant as he was always tostikated in liquor and before he could be Seasoned, like the other fellows, he was sacked.

* * *

Sent to sea again, he was soon covered in tar which burnt off his skin and he wished he had behaved better and "wroate a molincholey letter of departure, hart broaken to think how he should goe through the voage and Always Exknoledging his Unkle's kindnes." Life at sea, however, was much as usual: "Prayers once a week if it blowed hard, if litle wind knone." On subsequent voyages he visited New England and has a good deal to say of the girls of Boston, on one occasion being "seased all over with love for a Sponceable cow-keeper's daughter, a fine, Red-headed, large comely girl and well-Riged," but the scissors of his descendant have done their work too well. Later, on a voyage to Italy, he made great friends with one of the Quinceys of Boston, who, strange to relate, seems to have visited Rome in order to become a Roman Catholic priest. But by far the greater part of Ramblin' Jack's voyages were to the Mediterranean, where he made frequent visits to Leghorn, Venus, Civitavack, Zant, Smirna and other easily identifiable places as well as to the mysterious Boak of Sivi. Wherever he landed he was pretty sure to get into trouble, see the insides of many brothels and dungeons, get and give beatings and fall in love. Love, indeed, was the one thing he was seriously afraid of since it led to marriage, and being badly bit:

> With the first Sight of the eldest daughter, I was confounded at her Beauty; and when I could get a glance of her would much inflame me, not after any Lustfull thought, but Something in me I conceaived more than ordinary. Which made me think of old Busby's advise to goe a-hoaring to take off this foolish thinking, thoughtles way of love.

But the remedy, though frequently applied, seems to have been no guarantee of immunity against serious attachments.

* * *

The whole document strikes me as a remarkable testimonial to Defoe's accuracy as an artist. All the things which Ramblin' Jack remembered most vividly at the end of his long life are exactly similar in kind to the incidents that Defoe makes his characters relate. Ramblin' Jack is one of the same family as Crusoe, Captain Singleton and Colonel Jack. He is no stylist and has only a vague idea of many words, he is writing for his own amusement and with no eye on Nonconformist England, but there is an extraordinary resemblance. Of course, though the period he was describing was that of 1708 to 1725 (*Robinson Crusoe* was published 1719), the journal was probably written about 1760. It is thus possible that he had been reading Defoe for forty years or more. The only book he mentions besides the Bible is Lord Rochester, as an indecent writer. His best bits are pure Defoe. For example, there is the incident when the Captain orders his dog to be thrown overboard for incessant barking and Ramblin' Jack discovers that it was barking at the noases of rats which like the hero of Mr. Masefield's *Dauber* had gnawn through the leaden scuppers to avoid drowning:

> The dog was much Vallid afterward and Charge given for noebody to hurt him. He was a Spannell dog, a Loving, dum thing. He never would goe between decks and could carrey a platter in his mouth, and would rub your legs for watter and he was a Tocken against bad weather, for he would howle in his sleep as shurely as we had it afterwards.

Crusoe could not have given a more vivid picture.

DAVID GARNETT

NEW NOVELS

Entr'acte. By V. KOSHEVNIKOFF. *Cobden Sanderson.* 6s.
Dora Beddoe. By WINIFRED BLAZEY. *Michael Joseph.* 7s. 6d.

This is the last but one novel review of the term. There is only one more stack of books before freedom, my nine months' sentence is nearly over. One always works badly before a holiday, this week, indeed, it appears that only two books, both first novels, have appeared.

Entr'acte is written in German by a Russian and translated into charming English by Denys Oglander. It is a slight and rather wistful story of a great woman pianist who renounces love for art in the way they sometimes do. The worn-out theme is very refreshingly treated, the author has a real gift for observation and there is a Tchehov flavour about the book, with its glimpses of the weather in Berlin, the interiors of the prosperous, and of the very poor. Altogether a delightful novel, if a little overdone.

Dora Beddoe is a psychological thriller, the story of a gloomy spinster, over-fond of her brother perhaps, who is suspected of murdering her mother, and later on, his fiancée. It begins very well with a picture of the sacrificed daughter and greedy old mother, living together one of those domestic lives that are a continual silent campaign. As Groubiche wrote :

> Ça rend la vie incertaine
> être aimé avec tant de haine.

We see the old lady making use of every device to remain the centre of everything, and the description of her mythical illness, when she revenges herself on the daughter by always being sick on the floor instead of in the basin, is fascinating. So are Philip's séances, from which he returns in the evening after trying to detect the medium's frauds. One wishes there were more of them. It is altogether a very creepy and interesting book, written with vivid humour and great psychological insight. I recommend it for week-end reading.

As there seems a little space left over, I am utilising it to thank those correspondents who have submitted unfinished manuscripts to me for advice and help. I am afraid they cannot be returned ; for instance, I have lost all of Kip Streatham's novel, except the page beginning, " It felt pretty good to be out there under the moon with the gin running round in me like an electric hare and my arm as far as it would go round Myrtle." He will have to write another.

Hedda Bedales, who is " five feet ten and a half in her hikers," she tells me, has sent in a tale of primitive passion on a Hertfordshire farm somewhere up near the North Circular. Thirza, the heroine, refuses to take her bicycle out in the rain, and narrowly escapes a larruping. The second two hundred pages show a falling off. But it is with real joy that I print some of the manuscript of Miss Aglae (" three syllables please, but it's not my real name anyhow ") Oakenshaw's unpublished novel, " Absent from Felicity "—publishers, those lean subfusc creatures with rolled umbrellas and little blue engagement books, must keep a look out for Aglae (—uu) :

Felicity was dressing for dinner. A cosy fire burned in the grate towards which she held out her bare foot while she held out (in her hand I mean) a slinky open-mesh gold stocking. She loved to crinkle her toes in the firelight. Her foot didn't seem to belong to her, it was a little pink animal or something. She loved her bedroom, which had been her nursery, with its dado of beasts and view out on the Hampstead garden. There was a knock at the door. " Come in." It was Dads ! " Hullo old chap," he said, " How's tricks ? " She looked up lovingly at the curly head, tanned face, and open smile of her father. Dads was wonderful, only he worked so terribly hard. He was a blurb writer, and April was coming on so that he was absolutely indispensable. " Not been overdoing it, skipper ? " she asked anxiously. " Only the Golding omnibus," he smiled back, but she thought he looked worried all the same. " Don't fret about me—I'm strong as a Steen." He laughed. It was one of their favourite jokes. " May there be no Cronin' at the Bar," she capped. " Hurry up now, old boy," he cried. " Don't keep your mother waiting." For Felicity's mother, Mrs. Arquebus, was a very special person. She pulled on her stocking and took a last look at the room. A bowl of hyacinths, her white bed with the green eiderdown, and very few pictures. A small oils by Barribal called " Green Chartreuse " hung over the mantelpiece, with its plaster gargoyles from the little shop near Notre Dame, and there were one or two etchings with masts and a choice Steggles of Rosebery Avenue that she had got, in an austere mood, out of the Picture Library when she took the Edward Wolfe back. And her books ! She loved the little cabinet with its glass doors. There was just room for her favourite authors, Phyllis Bentley, Phyllis Bottome, Helen Waddell, Helen Simpson, G. B. Storm, Beverley, and Theodora Benson—and poetry, too, Humbert Wolfe of course, and some of the new writers who left one rather breathless, and whose books had lovely cold names like *Open the Sky* and *Armed October*. The door opened again. This time it was Mums. " Hurry up, daughter o' mine, there's a good fellow ! " she cried. " Fellow " was Felicity's favourite nickname. She had brown curly hair, rather special brown eyes, and a nose with the weeniest tilt to it " just room for a deck quoit," as Dads put it, and a very pretty figure. She loved green, smoked lots of cigarettes, adored dancing, but knew there were other things beside it, and was altogether a heathery honeyish brackeny kind of Hampstead Piskie, alternately the joy and tribulation of her family, servants, nanny, teachers, friends, and taxi-drivers, in fact of everyone whose delight and misfortune it was to know her. Phew ! She was just grown up. As Dads had said the other day, " Fellow used to be a drawing by Shepperton. Now she's a Gouache by Lewis Baumer." She repeated it to herself on her way down to the hall and cocktails. To-night it was a party. There were two other successful blurb-writers and their wives, Mr. Goulash the publisher, and two very nice young men for Felicity. A " poet " and a " thinker." " Mr. Beastly may drop in afterwards," said Mums, who looked almost regal. " I'm thinking," said the thinker, " he has the root of the matter in him." " I've always found him charming myself," said Mr. Goulash, " the only realist in Flask Walk," said a blurb writer. Is his new book *John Hanbury, Ironmaster*, or *John Hanbury, Ironmonger*, whispered the other—" in writing the blurb that's going to be rather important ; one used to be able to go by the picture on the wrapper, but with these beastly yellow-jacks one can never tell." They had out the silver fish-knives and napkin rings " with two k's ! " as Dads put it. That meant one of their grand parties.

Outside in the spring night the laburnums were hanging their golden bodkins over the wall, and the laurustinus loomed evilly out of the shadow. " Scrumptious, Sacred, and Profane ! " cried one of the blurbies. " The moment I saw it I said, " This is NOT a detective story." " I don't know what you mean by that word,"

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said Miss Gibbon, who was a stickler for etymology, "and I don't know which word you mean either," riposted the blurbie. "And does Miss Felicity," he laughingly added, "inherit the family talent for "appreciation"? "Don't talk cocker," laughed Fellow—and she smiled secretly to herself at the idea of *Her* writing blurbs. For she was going to do something creative. A biography of her father, perhaps, with all the family jokes in it. Not that she wanted—she looked across at him, handsome, healthy, shaggy, smiling—still, you never knew, these athletes cracked up sooner than you expected, and blurb-writing carried with it, she had heard, a high mortality. First the dedication—to the memory of the dearest of Dads—then the preface, "I have not hesitated to set down the other side of the picture. Gilbert Arquebus was, in many ways, a very tiresome man. . . ." Good Heavens, what was she thinking! She smiled away at him and he smiled reassuringly back. "Absent thee from Felicity," he reflected, "awhile." Yes. But why not for ever? More money all round. Conceited little bore. Expensive, too. Trying that grin on me now. All right! This evening she should have her first glass of port. More money all round! And then, maybe, he could get at that actress, the one who played the governess, a big fat bouncing creature who looked as if she had a temper, all right. He began to hum "Singing in the Rain" to himself. Macking in my whack, I'm whacking in my mac, 'cos I'm glad to be back. . . . "Elia," he cried suddenly. "My adorable Elia! Who reads him now?" "O Dads!" and Mums beamed loyally down the table. Special Person indeed! If they knew what a drag a writer's wife can be. The woman who shares your early struggles is very different from the one you would choose to share your later success. And why should she share it? Port for her too. "I saw the first caterpillar to-day," she said, "it was a looper." "You might really be in the depths of the country," said Mr. Goulash. The poet was telling a story, "'and what do *you* do,' I asked her. 'Paint.' 'And what do you paint?' 'Fans.' 'What fun, like Conder, I suppose, do you get a lot of fan-mail?' 'Not fans, you idiot, vans. I don't paint silly fans, I paint useful vans.' She's a girl from the Tottenham cell." Tiresome young cub, thought Dads—and that dreary thinker, with his Scotch face hanging over the savoury. A glass of port all round. "A very special bin," he said, when the time came. "Not a has-bin, I hope," said Mr. Goulash. Dads scowled. "I want you all to drink a health," he said, "It's my birthday, don't forget!" The Blurbies were still whispering. "Who wrote the last Charles Morgan?" said one—"I don't know who did the front, as a matter of fact, I did the back." "I did the front," said Dads, "if you still want to know." They didn't, for the cyanide was doing its work. "You were quite right not to like the laurustinus, Felicity," laughed Dads—"but my biography will have to wait." The way they fell they reminded him of a skittle alley, only quieter; each seemed to knock against the next one, there would be a wobble, and over they'd go. The thinker was last and Dads drummed impatiently on the mahogany with his cigar-cutter, while he was "passing." Soon all, with varying grace, had made the fatal exit, and five minutes later it was a very lonely man indeed who sped in a taxi on his way to the stage door.

CYRIL CONNOLLY

JOSEPH CONRAD

Joseph Conrad: Some Aspects of the Art of the Novel. By EDWARD CRANKSHAW. *Lane.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Conrad is out of fashion. His was the art of evoking magical horizons, of creating verbose glamour, of interpreting moral conflicts. All are a little out of fashion with him. The influx, from America, of the fashionable cult for sociological reporting, a cult which Conrad would no doubt have despised, has put what might be called distinguished writing into a back seat. The history of plain guys, recorded in a style composed of the colloquial idiom of the characters, was not for Conrad. He was cosmopolitan, aristocratic and, in spite of many but forgivable faults, he wore, and still wears, an air of greatness.

It is my own opinion that the great rarely need biographies; that they write or paint or in some way record their own. Conrad wrote his life in his novels and stories, in *Lord Jim* and *Youth* and *Heart of Darkness* and the rest, underlined it in such books as *A Personal Record*, and further underlined it in his letters. Some such belief as this has no doubt prompted Mr. Edward Crankshaw to label his book on Conrad not "a biography" or "a revaluation" or even "a study," but "some aspects of the art of the novel," which means "some aspects of Conrad's art of the novel," which really means, as the book itself confirms, "in praise of Conrad's genius." His book is not a biography of Conrad and is not, except secondarily, an exploration into the vast labyrinth of the novel in general. It puts Conrad on the operating table, in a nice way, of course, and also perhaps on the off-chance that there may be, after all, something wrong with this Polish English-speaking patient who outdid the English on their own pet playground, namely the sea. And Conrad having been put on the operating table, we are invited to see Mr. Crankshaw perform the investigation and dissection of that remarkably nervous body.

It is not, as explorations into the art of things go, a very long operation. But it manages somehow to be itself extremely nervous, a little complex and by starts didactic. And though not long, it manages to give the effect of being long and, here and there, rather like Conrad himself, a little windy and a little tedious. This is not to detract from it. It is a minute, exact, painstaking dissection done with extreme skill and under a powerful lens. Unlike well-meaning politicians, Mr. Crankshaw does explore all avenues: the complex baffling avenues that run down and split off and lose themselves finally in the profound recesses of Conrad's own heart of darkness. Such an exploration could never hope to be complete; I question if there will ever be a definitive reckoning of the man. And that, incidentally, may further explain Mr. Crankshaw's sub-title, as though he felt the impossible magnitude of this task of, as it were, opening up Conrad in the cold light of the literary laboratory. There are things in Conrad that defy any opening up. Mr. Crankshaw knows this. He is aware, better than I can tell him, of Conrad's most illimitable and elusive nature.

That said, it remains only to recommend this book to all who still see in Conrad, with all his faults, a great ironist, a prose writer who could show any living American novelist, with possibly one exception, where he got off, and who remains, as Mr. Crankshaw prudently and correctly observes, "a great novelist unclassified."

H. E. BATES

PITY THE POOR TRAVELLER

Sweden on Ten Pounds. By SYDNEY A. CLARK. *Nicholson and Watson.* 5*s.*

Norway on Ten Pounds. By SYDNEY A. CLARK. *Nicholson and Watson.* 5*s.*

These are cruel little books. They cannot be called a take-in; they contain, as far as I could judge from *Sweden*, nothing strictly inaccurate, except the spelling; but the poor man who listens to their siren voice will get some heartbreaking disappointments. In the first place, their basic assumption is that one *starts* from the capital of the country visited. Then, once abroad—I have not pursued Mr. Clark sedulously through all his budgets, but it is plain that the guide in him has no sympathy, and only intermittent contact, with the financier—you can get along on the sums he suggests, but you cannot possibly do the things he keeps suggesting. For instance, to live *and* sightsee at ease in Stockholm, you should, in my judgment, allow yourself £1 a day—and then you will be in clover; for Stockholm's peculiarity is that in it the excellent, the luxurious, costs only a shade more than the mediocre. An excellent reason for not going there to pinch.

As for Sweden at large, Mr. Clark, though he travels, I think, too much, does not try to cover it. "Sweden," he says in plaintive tones, "is an unconscionably *long* country" (most thoughtlessly failing to adapt itself to the £10 series). And he cannot, with the best will in the world, get half-way up. Still, if you really want to include Jämtland and the midnight sun, like Mr. Wegg he meets you at once, free and fair, with "Done, for double the money!" How his arrangements would work out in Norway I cannot say; but will merely observe that Norway is also a long way off, and more expensive than Sweden. I have heard it suggested that the idea may be to travel with a rich friend, upon whom you can sponge; but Mr. Clark drops no hint of this solution.

Mr. Clark has, as the poor man's guide, one hopeless disability—he admires everything. Reading *Norway* (with some idea of going there), I felt how shattering it would be to have to *choose* among all these equally dazzling possibilities; reading *Sweden*, I thought that most of us could have made the task much easier. And that is what the poor man wants. "Do *not* go to so-and-so"—"You may just as well ignore such-and-such"—*that* is the news for him. He should never be tantalised (as here) with "forbidden" chapters and suggestions; nothing which he

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cannot, on his limited allowance, do or see should be even mentioned to him, unless indeed—which a great number of things in any country honestly might be—with contempt. Do not wring his heart with incessant renunciations; "minimise pain," as Jeremy Bentham said. The *good* writer of guide-books for the poor is a vicarious sufferer; he must deny himself many pleasures on paper, to spare his disciple the wrench of doing so in fact. It is better to shun the £10 series—if one has only £10.

K. JOHN

TOUGH GUYS

Lasseter's Last Ride. By ION L. IDRIESS. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Rolling On. By B. EYRE-WALKER. *Seeley Service.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The reviewer of travel books is used to making allowances. He is almost pleased to do so, for the adventures of explorers, aviators, cowboys, amateur rolling stones, congenital bums and all the other open air chaps from the District Commissioner downwards have a queer power of surviving the gauche English in which they are most commonly described. When, however, the shy adventurer gets the journalists to write up his stuff, our tolerance is shortened. One does not expect all journalists to be Defoes at their game, but there was a time when reporters could write straightforward narrative and had no ambitions—now so much on the increase—to go up in the world and copy inefficiently the methods of our second-best novelists.

An example of this ambition may be seen in the disasters which have occurred in Mr. Ion L. Idriess's account of Lasseter's heroic and gruelling expedition in Central Australia. It is an excellent story in itself, and the best parts of it have been managed pretty well; yet the presentation of fascinating facts and extraordinary evidence did not satisfy the writer. He must attempt to dramatise by dialogue and the specious "he thought" method; and the dialogue is appalling in its jaunty unreality. As it is I am still not sure whether Lasseter did really find his gold reef or whether the discovery is part of the Idriess-Lasseter stream of consciousness.

The central Australian desert has been the scene of many heroic episodes which have been landmarks in the history of the opening up of the continent. A time may come when the region which Lasseter crossed will blossom as the rose. One has a picture of burned-up mountain ridges, desert, and then a fringe of semi-desert country where wild horses and camels get their water from water-storing plants, and where the nomadic blacks range thirstily from water hole to hole and kill the stranger who wishes to share their drink. Lasseter was a prospector who discovered a gold-stuffed reef in the midst of this country when he was a young man. But he made a mistake in his bearings. After thirty years, having at last got his backers, Lasseter set out with Thornycroft trucks, an aeroplane and all possible equipment to find the reef again. Geologists suppose it to be a continuation of the Kalgoorlie belt. Everything went wrong. The trucks stuck, the plane crashed, Lasseter crossed and recrossed the country in vain search of his thirty-year-old landmarks and at last went on alone. His determination to find the reef had reached a mystical phase. He fell into the hands of the blacks with whom he lived in misery for months, putting off threats of murder by promises of food from heaven and finally being killed when he was starved and almost blind. This crucial part of the narrative Mr. Idriess has done very well. The unearthly loneliness of the Australian wilds is dramatically shown. His material seems to have been the notes Lasseter buried under his camp fires and the picture of this sullen man fighting his companion when his nerve went and then sending him away, going on alone, losing his camels and seeing at night the increasing signal fires of the blacks who were closing in on him, is unforgettable. This is the genuine epic misery of exploration. The scene too is plainly presented and the account of the life and beliefs of the Stone Age tribes who live at the starvation line, a ferocious and roving primitive slum, is fascinating.

One's only criticism is—as I have said—that if one could knock away the novel-borrowed scaffolding of the book it would be ten times more fascinating; this is where Mr. Eyre-Walker's unpretentious yarning about his life as a cowboy and backwoodsman scores. He has nothing like the Lasseter story, but his stockmen and toughs are real where Mr. Idriess's expeditionaries, Lasseter excepted, are merely bad talkies. Canada, Virginia and New Zealand are Mr. Eyre-Walker's chief scenes and he is full of good stories. He is agreeably observant about the relativity of morals: there was the man who had bought the "favours of a wife from the husband for 7*s.* 6*d.*, and then, being unacceptable to the woman, fought her husband for the purchase price." The same man rescued a neighbour's sheep in a flood at the risk of his own life. I liked another story about a penniless couple of men who sold a corpse's boots off his feet on the way to the funeral, partly because it was a hot day but chiefly because they thought it would be indecent to bury their friend without a very "shickering" alcoholic wake. The digger and stockman are not much less odd than Lasseter's Stone Age murderers.

V. S. PRITCHETT

LIVES AND WORKS

Inside Out. An Introduction to Autobiography. By E. STUART BATES. *Blackwell.* 21*s.*
A Toast to Rebellion. By GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI. *Lane.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
More Memories of a Magistrate. By NAPIER DEVITT. *Witherby.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
My Sixty Years in the Law. By F. W. ASHLEY. *Lane.* 15*s.*
My Life and Work. By DR. ADOLF LORENZ. *Scribners.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The blurb to Mr. Bates' book about autobiographies praises them as "a new source of information about human life and thought" and adds that "all of it is first hand and authentic, in contrast with the second-hand and conventional character of most other printed sources." There are, unfortunately, conventions in autobiography, and much of the material which presents itself with the prestige of history reads like third-rate fiction.

Mr. Bates has an excellent subject. He has drawn on some 410 books. His knowledge is encyclopaedic, he quotes very frequently and is modest. He has first attempted the difficult definition of what constitutes authenticity in an autobiography. The best sign is apparently a rich provision of conversations. He then proceeds to provide a "critical bibliography" of his subject. He deals with it under the headings of The First Seven Years, Growing Up, Adventure, Poor Folk, Business Men, and Poetry As Autobiography. The first chapter is the most interesting and the last the least satisfactory. Mr. Bates is an omnivorous reader, and his critical judgments are a little overkind to the obscure.

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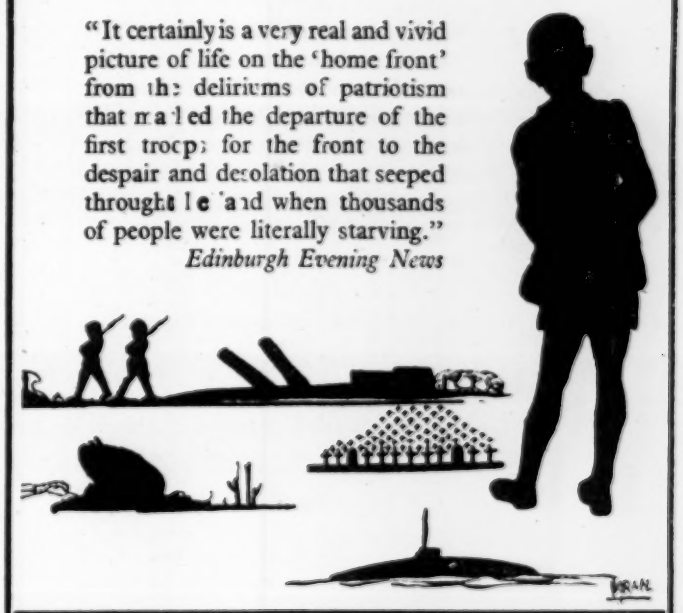

INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., LONDON

His book is not only the first survey of an important subject but also a very pleasant anthology for dipping into.

A Toast To Rebellion is rather conventional and not particularly rebellious. It is by Garibaldi's grandson, who is himself a General. He fought against the Turks and the Boers and investigated the labour conditions of Italians working on the Panama Canal. He also took part in the Venezuelan revolution, and eventually had to escape from the fortress of Puerto Cabello. He also achieved distinction while fighting in the Mexican revolution under Madero. His reminiscences stop at the beginning of the great war. There is a plethora of romantic incident in this book. It should appeal to the public which liked *Bengal Lancer*. The Garibaldi tradition is interesting. Here is the father of the author speaking to the Minister of War when his son was likely to be arrested for disobeying the law about military service—"You must realise that because of our name we Garibaldis have certain obligations which the average citizen has not. It is our tradition to side with the people. If my son were called to the army he would be expected to obey orders. These are times of industrial troubles. Suppose he as an officer was sent with his company against a group of strikers in the streets? As a Garibaldi he could not order his men to shoot, and his only alternative would be to break his sword over his knee and refuse to obey." This argument, coupled with a hint that it would be handed out to all the newspapers in the country, saved the author from prison. Apart from pride in his family tradition and a liking for guerilla warfare Giuseppe Garibaldi appears to have had very few ideas. General Garibaldi makes one reference only to the present condition of Italy. He says that "the spirit of Garibaldi, the Tradition of the Red Shirt, is still alive to guard the bastions of Italy from invasion, from despotism, from dogma. Yes, even to-day." That his meaning is not particularly clear may itself be significant.

More Memories of a Magistrate consists mainly of South African reminiscences. The more interesting passages are those dealing with Kruger, with the problem of the poor white, and with the history of the administration of justice in South Africa. There are innumerable anecdotes offered here. Many are excellent and those which seem a little obscure here will doubtless be appreciated in South Africa.

A BOOK FOR EVERYMAN

A Study of the Economic Structure of Great Britain to-day

WAYS AND MEANS

by Geoffrey Crowther

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This book consists of a series of broadcast talks on the National Income. It gives a lucid account of the subject, and serves at once the purposes of explaining the elementary facts of the economic structure of Great Britain, and of suggesting by well chosen and vivid illustrations those elementary economic principles about which there is no dispute among experts.

"*Ways and Means* should certainly appeal to the average reader who takes an interest in current affairs, for Mr. Crowther succeeds in making clear the mysteries of the workings of industry and capital."
—*News Chronicle.*

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Mr. Ashley was for fifty-four years clerk to the late Mr. Justice Avory. His book is partly autobiography, partly a life of Justice Avory, and partly an inside account of the personnel and workings of the law courts. Mr. Ashley does not write about famous cases simply because they were famous or because he can tell a new story about them. His attitude is that of the craftsman. He is passionately interested in the technique of advocacy and the machinery of the law. He is an acute and humane observer who tells us precisely those things which legal reminiscences usually omit—for instance, the salaries and methods of payment of judges, advocates, and court officials and how they have changed in the last fifty years. He also has much to tell about the personalities of the courts and in particular draws convincing portraits of Justice Avory, Sir Edward Marshall-Hall, Hardinge Gifford, and H. B. Poland. This is one of the few autobiographies which are readable, accurate, and genuinely worth writing.

Dr. Adolf Lorenz is the father of orthopaedic surgery. He tells the story of his life with the easy modesty of one who is assured that he has served humanity. By means of bloodless operations he succeeded in curing congenital hip dislocation and club feet. His account of his boyhood in Austria, his schooling, his life as a student of medicine, his early successes and failures and his numerous visits to America is extremely charming. His hobbies, his unwillingness to prepare to grow old, his extravagant house-building and decorating are described with a detached, humorous tolerance which reveals the essential modesty of the man. He is angry only with the inane patriotism of the American doctors who turned against him as a Hun when he returned to America after the war in an attempt to raise money for the poor children of Vienna. It is impossible to convey the attractiveness of this book in a review. It deserves to be bought.

FREDERICK LAWS

POLITICS IN WAR-TIME

Revolt on the Clyde. By WILLIAM GALLACHER, M.P. *Lawrence and Wishart.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Not the least remarkable feature of the British parliamentary system is the subtle method by which it succeeds in taming the ardour of life-long revolutionaries. Even the most stalwart of working-class leaders finds it difficult to resist the atmosphere of Westminster; circumstances conspire to dim the memories of his youth. No one who reads this book, however, will suppose that Willie Gallacher will easily succumb to these influences. It is written in the uncompromising tone which one would expect from one of the most fearless and formidable revolutionary fighters that even the Clydeside has ever produced. Among politicians outside his own party he has always managed to make far more enemies than friends. Lloyd George described him as "the most sinister influence" in a city of which he must certainly have the unhappiest memories. Winston Churchill, Sir Auckland Geddes, half the Labour party and a whole horde of Trade Union officials would no doubt be eager to protest that this was all too mild a description. Even Ramsay MacDonald would be ready to-day to add his voice to the chorus of abuse. In 1917 he paraded through the streets with Gallacher as his bodyguard; a visit to Glasgow, he said, was like a "spiritual bath" or "a cleansing of the soul." Times have changed and the well-chosen words of his former comrade on the subject of his present-day political antics should be sufficient to convince Mr. MacDonald that a return to Glasgow would be as ill-advised as another bout of soul-cleansing in Seaham. Whilst others, however, have been rising on stepping stones from their dead selves to higher things, Willie Gallacher has continued the fight for the principles for which he suffered during the war. Reading this book it is easy enough to discover why he was able then to establish so considerable a reputation on the banks of the Clyde. A fine sense of humour, a colourful taste in platform epithets, huge powers of endurance, and, above all, an unflinching and almost ascetic devotion to a cause—these are the qualities which won for him the confidence of his fellow-workers and, more recently, of the electors of West Fife. These qualities, moreover, combined with the fact that he played a leading role in one of the most significant episodes in the history of revolutionary activity in this country, raise this book in importance head-and-shoulders above the average political autobiography.

The interest of the book, however, is by no means chiefly autobiographical; it is important rather for the revealing light which it throws on the whole technique of war resistance. The war-time Government used every device at its command to

preserve the façade of national unity; in the face of this pressure it was a tremendous achievement to maintain among large sections of the workers a recognition of the higher loyalty which they owed to their class. Gallacher and his friends were able to make suitable preparations for the reception of any jingo speaker in Glasgow and at the same time to carry on an intensive anti-war campaign of their own. More important than these activities, however, was the rise of the shop steward movement in the factories. The aim of the Government was to invade the established standards of the Trade Union whilst protecting the sacred rights of the profiteer. Elsewhere this programme met with little resistance. But the Clyde Workers' Committee was not to be cajoled by easy speeches, even from a Cabinet Minister. Had their work been backed by an equally powerful movement in the other industrial centres of the country, it is at least possible that they would have been able to secure the fruits of their victories—the seizure of power.

The present rearmament programme is likely to give rise to the same kind of struggles as this book so vividly describes. The Government will have to face precisely those problems, such as the dilution of labour, with which Lloyd George had to grapple in the early years of the war. If strikes on these issues are declared unofficial, leadership among the industrial workers may once again pass from the Trade Union leaders to the shop steward committees. Should such a movement take place on a large enough scale the Government would be compelled to adopt the same drastic methods of suppression and censorship employed in 1915. In war-time such measures are tacitly accepted since everyone knows that a Government at war must perforce institute some kind of totalitarian state. To-day we see preparations on a war-time scale undertaken in time of peace. Once the Government has determined to mobilise all its industrial resources for this purpose, how long will it be able to maintain even the outward forms of democracy? For an Opposition, therefore, there can be no half-way house between war resistance and ultimate complicity in all the Government's designs. Willie Gallacher shows in this book how the participation of its leaders in the war brought the Socialist movement throughout Europe to the brink of complete wreckage. The acceptance to-day of the myth of national solidarity in the face of some menace to British Imperialism would mean the final betrayal of whatever economic and emotional appeal Socialism is able to possess. MICHAEL FOOT

IMPERFECT COMPETITION

The New Industrial System. HERMANN LEVY. *Routledge.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Dr. Hermann Levy, already well known as an authority on the history of industrial combinations, has in his latest work carried the process of investigation a stage further, studying the bearing of past experience and present analysis on the movement towards concentration in this country. The result is a fascinating if rather formidable book, packed with matter, logical in arrangement, and —a rare and valuable quality—sprinkled with stimulating suggestions for further research.

Dr. Levy's thesis, broadly stated, is that economics needs to revive and widen its theory of monopolies and concentration to include not merely the study of price formation under given conditions of imperfect competition but the causes which determine the degree to which that imperfection exists. It is not merely inadequate but fundamentally wrong, he maintains, to dismiss industrial combination as the more or less fortuitous and always regrettable result of natural monopolies on the one hand and of misguided Government action on the other; and he joins issue vigorously on this point with Professor Robbins and his allies. There are fundamental laws governing the growth or absence of concentration, and they cut across the commonly accepted rationale. Neither capital immobilisation with its resulting high overheads, tariffs, nor a "key" position in the industrial complex, are in themselves adequate causes. They may provide motive or favourable conditions; they may appear, over certain sections of the economic field, to account fully for whatever monopolies or oligopolies may have arisen; but they are not fundamental. Underlying all such secondary matters, joining opportunity to motive and motive to opportunity, are the great twin forces of geographical concentration and unification of demand—both the product, as Dr. Levy explains with much illustration, of the revolution in transport which took place between 1880 and our own times. Concentration of production in low-cost areas encourages

ABILITY TO PAY

Now, here are two men of equal incomes—that of the one derived from the exertion of his labour, that of the other from the rent of land. Is it just that they should equally contribute to the expenses of the State? Evidently not. The income of the one represents wealth he creates and adds to the general wealth of the State; the income of the other represents merely wealth that he takes from the general stock, returning nothing. The right of the one to the enjoyment of his income rests on the warrant of nature, which returns wealth to labour; the right of the other to the enjoyment of his income is a mere fictitious right, the creation of municipal regulation, which is unknown and unrecognised by nature. The father who is told that from his labour he must support his children must acquiesce, for such is the natural decree; but he may justly demand that from the income gained by his labour not one penny shall be taken, so long as a penny remains of incomes which are gained by a monopoly of the natural opportunities which nature offers impartially to all, and in which his children have as their birthright an equal share.

Adam Smith speaks of incomes as "enjoyed under the protection of the State"; and this is the ground upon which the equal taxation of all species of property is commonly insisted upon—that it is equally protected by the State. The basis of this idea is evidently that the enjoyment of property is made possible by the State—that there is a value created and maintained by the community, which is justly called upon to meet community expenses. Now, of what values is this true? Only of the value of land. This is a value that does not arise until a community is formed, and that, unlike other values, grows with the growth of the community. It only exists as the community exists. Scatter again the largest community, and land, now so valuable, would have no value at all. With every increase of population the value of the land rises; with every decrease it falls. This is true of nothing else save of things which, like the ownership of land, are in their nature monopolies.

The tax upon land values is, therefore, the most just and equal of all taxes. It falls only upon those who receive from society a peculiar and valuable benefit, and upon them in proportion to the benefit they receive. It is the taking by the community, for the use of the community, of that value which is the creation of the community. It is the application of the common property to common uses. When all rent is taken by taxation for the needs of the community, then will the equality ordained by nature be attained. No citizen will have an advantage over any other citizen save as is given by his industry, skill, and intelligence; and each will obtain what he fairly earns. Then, but not till then, will labour get its full reward, and capital its natural return.

And to shift the burden of taxation from production and exchange to the value or rent of land would not merely be to give new stimulus to the production of wealth; it would be to open new opportunities. For under this system no one would care to hold land unless to use it, and land now withheld from use would everywhere be thrown open to improvement.

• • •

Professor A. Einstein says of the author of the foregoing passage. "I have read his great book and really learned a great deal from it. Men like him are rare, unfortunately. One cannot imagine a more beautiful combination of intellectual keenness, artistic form and fervent love of justice. The spreading of these works is a really deserving cause, for our generation especially has many and important things to learn from him."

The author is Henry George and the book is *Progress and Poverty: An inquiry into the cause of industrial depressions and of increase of want with increase of wealth.* The new edition, bound in red cloth, 406 pages, is on sale at one shilling or 1*s.* 3*d.* by post from the publishers, the Henry George Foundation, 96 Petty France, London, S.W.1. Inquire also for other one shilling titles and full list of publications dealing with social and economic subjects.

collaboration between the producers concerned; unification of demand, the result of the massing of population, encourages standardisation and hence mass production. The greater the growth of transport facilities, the greater the concentration both of supply and demand and the freer the play given to the secondary forces making for industrial combination. We are given, in fact—though Dr. Levy does not appear to realise quite what he has done and does not quote Allyn Young's illuminating essay on this very point—the furthest development of that grand old theme stated by that grand old monopoly-hater Adam Smith: *The division of labour is limited by the extent of the market.* Undistorted by Government action or by the megalomania of captains of industry, the movement towards rationalisation and integration can be seen as an extension of the same process which originally concentrated the smithy work of a number of separate farms in the hands of the village blacksmith. Apparent contradiction masks actual identity.

For the economist it follows that the study of imperfect competition in all its forms should be given more attention and incorporated in normal analysis rather than relegated to the pathology of economic theory. The fact that the growth of industrial concentration has so often been unhealthily stimulated or artificially brought about by the joint action of tariff-mania, Napoleon-complexes, and the rashness of financiers, explains but cannot wholly justify this relegation. For the statesman there follows the necessity of a considered policy towards combinations, distinguishing between normal growths and freaks, and steering carefully clear of the encouragement of integration for its own sake. The inevitability of some measure of planning, the importance of substituting for the uncontrolled movement of prices and the "sudden death" of bankruptcy some equivalent means of avoiding waste and securing flexibility, the cultural dangers and possibilities inherent in a positive policy, all emerge clearly in Dr. Levy's last chapters. With all its shortcomings of frequent over-emphasis, occasional special pleading, and blurring of theory with illustrative fact, *The New Industrial System* is a useful step towards the clarification of an economic problem which, when the post-war crisis is finally liquidated and current trends have fallen into their true perspective, may well prove to have been one of the most fundamental of our time.

HONOR CROOME

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SCOTT'S LETTERS

The Letters of Sir Walter Scott. Edited by H. J. C. GRIERSON, assisted by DAVIDSON COOK, W. M. PARKER and others. Vol. X, 1826–1828. *Constable.* 18*s.*

The new volume of Scott's letters begins in the mid-April of 1826, a bare three months after the collapse of his affairs. At the end of the previous year he had been complacent in the belief that he was at last, and all by his own efforts, a man of rank and fortune. Now there was only the remainder biscuit of rank for which in the circumstances he felt little appetite. Sir Walter Scott, baronet, had had to sign a trust-deed for behoof of his creditors and be humbly thankful that he had not been "roupit." How deeply he felt the humiliation we can partly guess from the Journal. We should never guess it from the letters. The former creates an impression of self-pity which the latter correct. However unhappy Scott's private meditations may have been, the face he presented to the world was a placid one. He writes to his family and his friends as pleasantly and voluminously as ever. When he alludes to his affairs he makes neither complaints nor pretences. There may have been, as he himself confessed from time to time, a certain vanity in his determination to pay off the whole of the enormous indebtedness for which by a legal fiction he was liable; no point of honour, only *amour propre*, was involved. It is in his general demeanour in adversity that the essential nobility of Scott's nature appears. Next to throwing up the sponge there is nothing so pitiful as the overdoing of what is called "a brave front." Scott knew that.

The financial disaster was soon followed by family bereavement, for in May, 1826, Lady Scott died. It does not appear that the widower was deeply afflicted. It would not be unfair to say that he was, if anything, relieved. Charlotte had for long been a trying invalid, and for longer had ceased to hold a serious place in her husband's life. But he speaks of her, not exactly with warmth, but with the charity that is the traditional due of the newly dead. "Whatever were her failings they hurt only herself and arose out of bodily illness," he writes to Sophia Lockhart. This, as Professor Grierson observes, is the only occasion on which Scott allows himself to hint at poor Charlotte's notorious weakness for strong waters. For the rest the new volume contains little that is new—at any rate little that is of much interest. But two items may be mentioned, both of them, one regrets to say, scandalous. One concerns the great bibliomaniac, Richard Heber, who in 1726 suddenly took a trip to Brussels and resigned his seat as one of the members for the University of Cambridge. He had never once opened his mouth in the House, and such biographical notices of him as exist leave it to be inferred that he did so with the laudable purpose of making way for a more vocal representative. It now appears that his flight and resignation were due to his refusal to face "an infamous charge." When after a little he ventured to return to England he was still so frightened that he lived for some time under an assumed name—a course that Scott severely censures. The other scandalous item concerns Burns. In recent years, owing largely to the able argument of Sir James Crichton-Browne, it has been almost (though not quite) accepted that Burns, so far from being the drunkard of tradition, was, for his times, a comparatively abstemious man. Yet when Lockhart was working on his life of Burns, Scott gave him a damning piece of evidence that he had just had from Patrick Miller, the younger, of Dalswinton. "When he [Burns] came to stay at Dalswinton all night as he often did he used to stipulate for a bottle of brandy in his sleeping-room and drink it well-nigh out before morning." But Scott is careful to add that "This perhaps it may be invidious to mention."

DONALD CARSWELL

SHORTER NOTICES

A Camera on Unknown London. By E. O. HOPPÉ. *Dent.* 5*s.*

Mr. Hoppé has discovered a number of London curiosities and photographed them. The tree growing in Cheapside, the statue o Sir Sydney Waterlow carrying a hat and an umbrella, the dogs' cemetery in Hyde Park, the tattoo shop in the Waterloo Road—these may be familiar to Londoners, but Mr. Hoppé has come on other eccentricities more fascinating. At 18 Fitzroy Street, for example, there is a shop which trades in imported skeletons, costing, we are told, from ten to fifteen guineas each after a 10 per cent. custom tax has been allowed for. The statue of the fat boy who is "supposed to have caused the Great Fire by his greed" (how, we are not told) still stands in a niche of Cock Lane. A King of Corsica lies buried in Dean Street and Grimaldi in Pentonville. For those who enjoy knowledge of this sort

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and its lively presentation in photograph, Mr. Hoppé has made an agreeable collection. Perhaps his most charming illustration is the page of early tram tickets, gaily decorated with advertisements.

Clement VII and Henry VIII. By PIERRE CRABITÈS. *Routledge.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

This learned but very human monograph on the legal aspects of Henry's first divorce was written, Judge Crabitès explains, to controvert the strictures passed upon the Pope's character by his contemporaries and adopted by later historians, Catholic and Protestant. Though himself a Catholic, Judge Crabitès depends mainly upon Protestant evidence in his vindication of Clement. We see the Pope as a sick and tired man, in the power of the Emperor and threatened on every side. But through all his temporising neither feeble-mindedness nor dishonesty can be charged against him. So far as the evidence goes Clement seems to have fulfilled his promises, and when there was a dispute as to the nature of the promise, it arose not from any ambiguity but from a confusion of canon with common law, and often from a misunderstanding or misrepresentation of the issue being tried. The book is a footnote to history; it is also a vivid story of the trial, told by a lawyer who has throughout his argument a vision of the wider issues at stake.

British Economic Foreign Policy. By J. HENRY RICHARDSON. *Allen and Unwin.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Professor Richardson has set himself the task of bringing within the compass of a single volume a general review of the development and results of the new economic policy adopted by Britain since 1932. He begins with the departure from the gold standard and the attitude of the British Government towards monetary stabilisation, as expressed at the Ottawa Conference and elsewhere. He stresses the importance of the sterling area and contemplates a return to some sort of international monetary stabilisation on a basis of the permanent devaluation of the sterling currencies. But the main part of the book is devoted to summarising the developments which have taken place since the institution of the tariff system in 1931–2. He is strongly critical of quota systems, and prefers tariff regulation to the quota chiefly on the ground of its greater elasticity in relation to changing conditions. He is critical of Mr. Elliot's agricultural policy, holding that agricultural protection should be limited to a low tariff designed "to afford some shelter from disturbances in the international market, together with marketing schemes to improve efficiency in distribution, and subsidies from national revenues for limited periods in special circumstances." He concludes with a section on Labour policy, criticising the Government's failure to ratify the Washington Hours Convention, but recognising that the secession of Germany from the I.L.O. puts increasing difficulties in the way of future ratifications, despite the recent adhesion of the United States and the Soviet Union. In general the book is a useful and competent summary of the main developments of international economic policy since 1932, without much attempt at profundity or at the consideration of policy in general.

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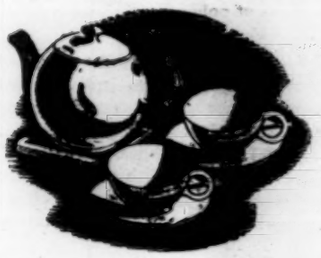
About Motoring

THE MULTI-TRACK ROAD

A HUNDRED years ago most of our highways were constructed to take a single stream of traffic with a modest freeboard on both sides of the leisurely horse-drawn vehicles which formed the sole wheeled traffic. When two vehicles met, each of them pulled out a little, probably running their respective outside wheels off the actual road surface in order to round each other. Collisions were unknown. The advent of the stage coach with its comparatively high centre of gravity and increased speed made it desirable that meetings and overtakings should not impose any deceleration. Deceleration was difficult with weak brakes, and the stresses of acceleration were bad for the horses. So the roads were gradually adapted to the speedier traffic, and the new ideal of a two-stream road was accepted and put into practice on all important routes. From that day to this thousands of miles of roads have undergone no widening; visibility has been improved at innumerable corners, signs have safeguarded traffic and facilitated route-finding, and surfaces have been relieved of friction and slipperiness. Otherwise many of these roads remain exactly as they were in the days of the stage coach, so far as width is concerned. On other roads widening has been carried out in a somewhat casual and thoughtless fashion. Nobody has analysed the problem and decided that important roads should be widened to carry three or four traffic streams. Nobody has reflected on the question of dividing the road longitudinally into clearly marked zones or strips. Widening has often taken the form of absorbing the footpath into the carriageway to the great detriment and danger of pedestrians; or of spreading the carriageway to cover ancient drainage ditches, now filled in to secure an extra six feet or so of surface for the wheels. Many of the accidents which cause us all such heartsearching occur on these vaguely improvised roads. It is time that we sat down and examined the problem logically. I have just covered a thousand miles almost exclusively on roads of this nature, namely, old stage-coach roads which have been widened a foot here and a yard there in a casual and impromptu fashion. What is the result? Visibility is usually very short, as the roads thread hilly and well-wooded country. Consequently the "straights" are never sufficiently lengthy for one to overtake any but the slowest vehicle in safety; for long visibility ahead is required to pass a vehicle moving at even 20 m.p.h. when the bend ahead may conceal an oncoming vehicle travelling at fairly high speed. These roads are mostly just wide enough to accept two traffic streams with a yard or so to spare between the vehicles and between the outside wheels of the vehicle and the hedges. The presence of a horse, a pedestrian, a handcart, a cyclist or two, or any parked vehicle, instantly constricts the fast traffic into a dangerous bottleneck, which creates the possibility of a smash and imposes a call for skill and imagination upon all concerned.

Upon reflection we see that the accidents which periodically smear such roads with blood (I saw four apparently inanimate bodies neatly laid out on the grass verge at one point) are due to inadequate width more than to any other single factor. The two-stream-with-a-slight-margin is a width which confronts traffic with problems too acute for immediate solution. What width appears desirable? A superficial observer might decide that a comfortable three-stream width meets all requirements, namely, an up lane, a down lane and an overtaking lane. On further reflection we perceive that the central or "overtaking" lane will be used simultaneously and indifferently by both up and down traffic, and that it must necessarily lead to head-on collisions periodically, especially when visibility is short and some fool takes a chance. So on consideration we revise our specification and coquet with the notion of a four-strip width—up lane, up overtaking lane, down lane and down overtaking lane. Logic suggests that this constitutes the absolute minimum for a busy road carrying a real weight of fast traffic. Even this generous width cannot be adopted too hurriedly, for we have thought as if there would be no side-parking along our ideal road; and wherever any parking exists, our four-strip road is automatically reduced to



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a three-strip road. Moreover, since the vast bulk of modern traffic is motor traffic, moving at an average speed of 30–35 miles an hour, any really slow traffic (such as a walker, a handcart, sheep or cows, pottering cyclists and horsed vehicles) is fundamentally indistinguishable from parked cars, and exerts a practically identical influence on the four fast lanes. Since pushed and horse-drawn vehicles tend to disappear, except in rural areas, our four-lane fast road would be adequate if pedestrians and cyclists were removed from its carriageway. Logic, therefore, arrives at the conclusion that the minimum specification for a busy modern road consists of a sidewalk or sidewalks for pedestrians, cycle tracks (" up " and " down," or " joint ") and four fast lanes, namely, the up lane, the down lane and two overtaking lanes, one for each direction. Any lesser specification is demonstrably inadequate and dangerous. After this consideration we need not be surprised at the prevalence of accidents on busy " two-stream " roads, especially as many such roads are disfigured by very brief visibility over most of their length, are complicated by blind junctions, possess no continuous sidewalk or cyclist track, and are obstructed by frequent and variable parking.

Our specification must proceed a stage further and suggest that the four separate lanes should be unmistakably demarcated. Any short road journey will demonstrate how few motorists keep their proper station on the roads. The public service motor-coaches are the main exceptions. For the most part they are superbly handled, and even when the road is empty past all fear of error these well-trained drivers hug their kerb, hedge or wall to a few inches. But the average individual driver steers well out towards the centre when he fancies that he has the road to himself, and even when hampered by traffic can seldom put his near-side wheels anywhere near the edge. Our four lanes must, therefore, be marked, so that slow up traffic shall keep truly inside the up lane, and so forth. In the absence of such marking we should infallibly see a clear and empty fringe along the sides of even a 40ft or a 60ft. road.

It is mournful to watch expensive road improvement schemes undertaken with no symptom of any grip on these aspects of safety.

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Week-end Competitions

No. 326

Set by K. John.

Every language has its own " good " words—for instance, we are always hearing that foreigners have no word for " home." It has been suggested that the most amusing international language would be one with a mixed vocabulary selected for uniqueness and force from all the principal European tongues. The usual prizes are offered for a list of ten English words to be included in this language. When the thing named is also of local origin—as in " football " and " radio "—the word will rank low.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, June 19th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 324

Set by Cyril Connolly

In a bureaucratic State friendships are formed by examinations. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the most searching questionnaire by which an applicant can be judged as a suitable companion for you. Not more than ten questions may be asked and they may be either direct or in the form of alternatives (one of these is a good painter, Degas, Oswald Birley, Laura Knight, etc.).

Report by Cyril Connolly

This is a very difficult competition to judge. There were sixty entries. Two people realised how intolerable it would be to have to choose friends in this way, Blimp, and Mr. A. E. Reade. Their questions were arranged so as to stop people from becoming their friends, and were extremely amusing, but I do not think they can claim prizes. I liked especially Mr. Reade's " How much money have you got, excluding expectations from undeceased relatives, unpublished manuscripts and undrawn lottery tickets? " and Blimp's " The Best Influence on a Man's Life is: his old school, his old varsity, his old mother, the Services? " and " The Greatest Influence for Good in the world is: Lord Beaverbrook, Mussolini, Lady Houston, The British Navy? " As I say, he and Mr. Reade are in a class by themselves, safe for another year. Some good questions were Mr. Snow's (do you ever advise your friends to go to the dentist's? have you got books worth borrowing? and do you inquire for them under a year?), Miss Fenn's (does criticism of your children, implied or otherwise, leave a permanent sore?), Mr. Laing's (who offered something suspiciously like a verbal bribe to the rhadamanthine examiner), and Mr. Drazin's. It is clear that the first questions must be what sex, age, are you? What is your health? What do you look like, how much money have you got (more or less than the questioner means more or less leisure) and very few people asked these. There were many questions about hiking and reactions to the B.B.C., very few about psycho-analysis, foreign travel, sex-appeal or glands. I think that Mr. Willoughby should have a First Prize of One Guinea and a Half and that Second Prizes of Half a Guinea should be given to Companion (please send name and address) and Mr. Naisby.

FIRST PRIZE

1. Do you *drink*?
2. Are you a virgin? (If so, state why.)
3. Are you profound, witty, or sensual?
4. What are your principal interests?
5. State how and where you were educated, with critical comments.
6. Have you any accomplishments?
7. Indicate which of the following architectural styles you prefer. (i) Chinese, (ii) Gothic, (iii) Renaissance, (iv) Rococo, (v) Gothik, (vi) Modernismus.
8. Make a few well-chosen remarks on any one of the following: Karl Marx, Ezra Pound, Wordsworth, Talleyrand, I. A. Richards, Picasso, Chopin or Hegel.
9. Are you interested in Sport, Rotary, the Mollisons, Bridge or Fascism?
10. Have you any religious belief?

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Company Meeting

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The Ordinary Annual General Meeting of The Ever Ready Company (Great Britain), Limited, was held on Thursday, June 4th, at the Ever Ready Works, Hercules Place, Holloway, London, N.

Mr. Magnus Goodfellow (the Chairman and Managing Director) presided.

The Secretary (Mr. F. W. Stevens, A.C.A.), having read the notice convening the meeting and the auditors' report,

The Chairman said: Ladies and gentlemen, I have pleasure in submitting the directors' report and statement of accounts for the year ended March 31st, 1936, and I presume we may follow the usual custom and take them as read. You have no doubt carefully considered the report and the clearly set out accounts, and you must be as pleased as we, your directors, are at the result of the year's trading—the most successful your company has yet attained throughout its years of growth.

The increase in our sales and the general information at our disposal satisfy me that public consumption of dry battery goods of every description has again increased, and that the efforts made to rationalise and stabilise prices have met with a large measure of success. It is remarkable that the past five years' trading in our country, under the depreciation in the value of sterling and the general tariff, has not resulted in any material rise to the consumer in the prices of manufactured goods. None of our own goods are being sold at prices higher than obtained five years ago, and a large and varied quantity are being sold at considerably lower prices, to the benefit of the consumers, the distributing trade and ourselves. I should here like to pay a tribute to our 11,000 shareholders, who support the business by insisting on Ever Ready goods whenever they require the products we manufacture, and, in thanking them, I beg that they will not only continue, but even increase their efforts to use and popularise our products.

Improved Production Methods

Considerable improvements have again been achieved in the methods and processes of production, and the resulting lower costs have practically maintained the profit margin, in spite of the substantial reductions in prices made in January, 1935. It will be appreciated that the continued progress in methods of manufacture has rendered several of our old plants obsolete. These have been closed, thereby contributing to the savings in cost to which I have already referred. It is of interest to note, whilst on this subject, that ten years ago our plant and equipment appeared in the balance sheet at £15,000. Since that date we have expended £710,000; annual depreciation has reduced the capital value by £106,000, and in 1933 and 1934 we specially wrote off from our reserves £369,000, leaving the value in the balance-sheet under review at £250,000.

I do not propose to review in detail our various activities. It will be sufficient if I inform you that, with two exceptions, all parts of our business, and everyone serving the company, have contributed to the successful result of the year's work. The first exception is the Lissen Company. Although this company has made no contribution to our profits, nevertheless it has improved its manufacturing and trading position, as reported to its Preference shareholders. We are hopeful that during the coming year this business will not only maintain the increase in sales achieved during the past year, but register a further improvement, and if this should be so, having regard to the very considerable economies effected by the reorganisation, we may anticipate in the present year a substantial improvement in the profits earned. The second exception is the group of manufacturing and trading companies on the Continent of Europe. These companies have experienced a prosperous year's trading, but exchange restrictions have prevented our receiving here any return upon the capital invested in them. We continue to hope that, in the not too distant future, these exchange restrictions will be removed, when we shall be able to obtain the benefits which have accrued to us.

On page 2 of the report and accounts you will observe that I have, with the cordial support of my colleagues, appointed three joint general managers of our business. They have each of them served the company for some ten years or more, and I am sure that they will assist me greatly, not only in the business management of the near future but in maintaining for the company the tradition upon which the success of the business has been built up.

Balance-Sheet Features

Turning to the balance-sheet and accounts, which bear in red ink the figures of the previous year for comparison, I have already dealt with the plant and equipment, on which we expended some £90,000 during the year, and although, of course, we shall continue our policy of development and improvement, and expenditure will again be considerable, it is not anticipated that we shall be called upon to expend as large a sum in the present year.

The only other item in the balance-sheet that I need comment on is the stock, which has risen by some £50,000 to £253,000. This stock, which consists to a large extent of our raw materials, is well bought, and, having regard to our forward commitments for supplies, assures that there will be no considerable increase in the cost of the raw materials required for production during the present year.

This year's trading has opened promisingly, and we are hopeful that we shall again succeed in achieving the progressive result to which we are accustomed.

In conclusion, I again express our warm thanks to the managers, executive staff, and workpeople, who have all contributed their part to the success of last year.

The report and accounts were adopted and the dividend resolution approved, and a hearty vote of thanks to the chairman, directors and staff closed the meeting.

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SECOND PRIZE (1)

1. Do you believe in God?
2. Are you a virgin?
3. Do you feel that you are in every way a grown-up person? If not, do you expect ever to become one? Or do you consider your case is hopeless?
4. Are you fond of hunting?
5. At the close of this interview, what musical compositions, if any, would you choose to listen to? Would you prefer, however, to be taken to a Cochran's revue, followed by a visit to a night club?
6. Will you lend me a fiver?
7. Shall I write you an I.O.U. for it?
8. Is life to you a great adventure?

COMPANION

SECOND PRIZE (2)

1. Is your sex (*a*) distinctive, (*b*) obtrusive, (*c*) all pervading?
2. Can you without anger or enthusiasm read (*a*) Beverley Nichols, (*b*) the Commons' Debates, (*c*) the Thirty-nine Articles?
3. Do you (*a*) stammer, (*b*) sing, (*c*) croon?
4. Are you able to accept English meals without (*a*) theorising, (*b*) condemning, (*c*) refusing to share the bill?
5. Where, for what purpose, at whose expense, were you educated?
6. Do you like the window open or shut?
7. Select from these celebrities the *two* who seem to you to have the best claims to survival: Mr. Day-Lewis, Mr. Alex James, Sir Thomas Beecham, Signor Mussolini, yourself, Einstein.
8. Is your banking account healthy, small, or overdrawn?
9. Can you keep a secret?
10. Can you give advice without seeming to?

T. NAISBY

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 181.—STELLA'S AGE

When I asked Stella what her age was and what were the ages of her brothers and sister, I got the following surprising reply:

"If you multiply my age by Daisy's, and my age by Donald's, and my age by David's, and Daisy's age by Donald's, and Daisy's age by David's, and Donald's age by David's; and if you add all six products together, you'll get a total 57 less than the corresponding total for next year."

"How on earth do you know that?" I asked.

"I've just been working it out. I take a lot of interest in figures."

"I suppose," I said, "that by age you mean age last birthday?"

"That's right," said Stella.

"And can I deduce your ages from what you've told me?"

Stella laughed. "That's telling," she said. "Here's another datum, as they call it. The product obtained by multiplying our four ages together is 250 less than the corresponding figure for next year."

How old is Stella?

PROBLEM 179.—ST. JZKA'S

I am rather surprised that the wording of this problem has not produced a certain amount of criticism. The stipulation that the "smallest number of coins" must be used does, of course, nullify by implication the rule determining the number of coins that each girl is supposed to receive. At the same time, had any solver chosen to say that the Treasury officials of Mathemania had got the school into an impasse, it would have been a difficult contention to rebut.

As it is, there are two solutions (another inelegancy). Mme. Sezu can either return 50 3-dinar pieces and 41 2-dinar pieces in exchange for 58 4-dinar pieces; or 32 3-dinar pieces and 50 2-dinar pieces in exchange for 49 4-dinar pieces. I had intended the latter, as involving less bother, but either solution is accepted.

Apart from these blemishes, the problem is an amusing one. It turns on the fact that the number of ways of paying out the money is a maximum when 17 coins are used. From this it can be deduced that there are 9 recipients of the money and 450 dinars required.

PROBLEM 178.—PUNTERVILLE RACES

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: H. J. Hague, 14 Berkeley Square, W.1. *Five* points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s*. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

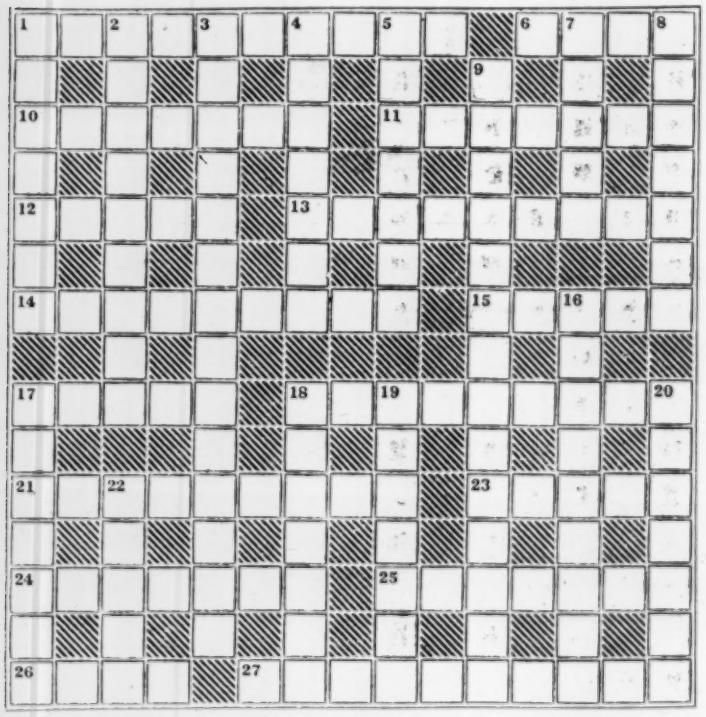
Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

CALIBAN

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 327

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Miss Roberts, 49 Warrington Crescent, W.9

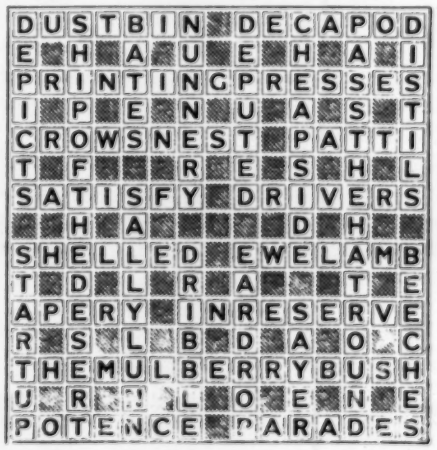
ACROSS

1. You see you can play it loud and soft.
6. After a race meeting.
10. Not yet fed up?
11. Naval swank?
12. Japanese China.
13. Reflected sunbeams.
14. Naturally not an upright person.
15. Confess to possession of the United Provinces.
17. Suggests sealed lips on the money question.
18. How to send German currency.
21. Not a modern form of curfew.
23. Pains of aspirations.
24. "But thousands die without or this or that,
Die and endow a — or a cat."
(Pope.)
25. "Those cherries fairly do —
Of orient pearls a double row."
26. She could spend herself both ways in India.
27. 14lb. walks.

DOWN

1. Such a person would need shock absorbers no doubt.
2. Looks like a Naval colourist.
3. From 1910 till this year the King bore it in triplicate.
4. Aimée do be a duck.
5. We stand on a sock after tea.
7. Hold on to the last in cycling.
8. The lid of the trunk?
9. Timely four-footed moves.
16. Not a dweller in Silesia, for example.
17. A "cureous" remedy.
18. Gift at Court.
19. Change between South and North.
20. Resists relations.
22. A medicine man in a glen.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD


DUSTBIN DECAPOD
E H A U E H A I
PRINTINGPRESSES
I P E N U A S T
CROWSNEST PATTI
T F R E S H L
SATISFY DRIVERS
H A D H
SHELLED EWELAMB
T D L R A T E
APERY INRESERVE
R S L B D A O C
THEMULBERRYBUSH
U R L O E N E
POTENCE PARADES

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. The Dominant Sex. Wed., Th.
ALHAMBRA. Russian Ballet. Wed. & Sat.
APOLLO. The Fugitives. Wed., Sat.
DRURY LANE. Rise and Shine. Wed. & Sat.
DUCHESS. Night Must Fall. Thurs. & Sat.
GARRICK. Storm in a Teacup. Wed., Thurs.
GLOBE. "Call It a Day." Wed. & Thurs.
HIPPODROME. Please Teacher! Th., Sat.
LYRIC. Kind Lady. Wed., Thurs.
PHOENIX. "To-night at 8.30." Tues., Th.
PLAYHOUSE. My Son's My Son—." W., Fri.
QUEEN'S. Love from a Stranger. W. & Sat.
ROYALTY. Winter Sunshine. Wed., Thurs.
ST. JAMES'. 'Pride & Prejudice.' W., Th., S.
ST. MARTIN'S. Heroes Don't Care. Tu., Fri.
SAVOY. Lady Precious Stream. M., Th., S.
SHAFTESBURY. Boy Meets Girl. W., Th.
STRAND. Aren't Men Beasts! Wed., Thurs.
WHITEHALL. Anthony & Anna. W. & S.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. 8.30. W., Th., 2.30. LAST WEEKS.
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SEEN BY OVER 650,000 PLAYGOERS.

ALHAMBRA, Leic. Sq. Whi. 2525.
EVGS. at 8.30. MATS., WEDS. & SATS., at 2.30.
BALLETS DE MONTE CARLO.
Creations of MICHEL FOKINE personally directed.

APOLLO. (Gerrard 2663.) 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
THE FUGITIVES. By Walter Hackett.
MARION LORNE. GODFREY TEARLE.
PHYLLIS DARE. EDWIN STYLES.

COLISEUM. Tem. Bar 3161. EVGS., 6.25 & 9.
IVOR NOVELLO'S
ROMANTIC MUSICAL PLAY,
GLAMOROUS NIGHT.
Popular Prices, 2s. to 8s. 9d. inc. Tax.

DRURY LANE. Temple Bar 7171.
EVGS., 8.30. Mats., WED. & SAT., 2.30.
RISE AND SHINE.
BINNIE HALE. JACK WHITING.

DUCHESS. 8.30, Th., Sat., 2.30. (Final Perf. Sat., June 20). EMYLN WILLIAMS in his own Play
NIGHT MUST FALL
MAY WHITTY ANGELA BADDELEY

GARRICK. (Tem. 8713.) 8.30. Mats., W., Th., 2.30.
STORM IN A TEACUP.
By JAMES BRIDIE & BRUNO FRANK.
SARA ALLGOOD. ROGER LIVESEY.

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. Evgs., 8.15 Sharp.
Mats., WEDS. and THURS., 2.30.
FAY COMPTON & OWEN NARES in
"CALL IT A DAY."
By Dodie Smith.

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272.
EVGS. at 8.15. Mats., THURS. & SAT., 2.30.
BOBBY HOWES in
"PLEASE TEACHER!"
VERA PEARCE. WYLIE WATSON. BERTHA BELMORE.

LYRIC. (Ger. 3686.) Evgs., 8.40. Mats., W., Th., 2.30.
SYBIL THORNDIKE in
KIND LADY
with ROBERT DOUGLAS.

PHOENIX. EVGS., 8.30. Mats., Tues., Thur., 2.30.
GERTRUDE LAWRENCE. NOEL COWARD
"TO-NIGHT AT 8.30."
Three Plays by Noel Coward.

PLAYHOUSE. Whitehall 7774.
EVGS., at 8.45. Mats., Wed., Fri., 2.45.
D. H. LAWRENCE'S Recently Discovered Play,
"MY SON'S MY SON—."

QUEEN'S, Shaftesbury Ave. Ger. 4517.
EVGS., 8.30. Mats., WEDS. & SATS., 2.30.
MARIE NEY, FRANK VOSPER in
LOVE FROM A STRANGER.

ROYALTY. Ger. 7331. All Seats Bookable.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Thurs., 2.30.
WINTER SUNSHINE.
NICHOLAS HANNEN. ATHENE SEYLER.

ST. JAMES'. (Whitehall 3903.)
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed., Thur. & Sat., 2.30.
GILBERT MILLER and MAX GORDON present
"PRIDE AND PREJUDICE."

ST. MARTIN'S. Tem. 1443. 8.30, Tues., Fri., 2.30.
HEROES DON'T CARE.
CAROL GOODNER. FELIX AYLMER.
REX HARRISON. CORAL BROWN.

SAVOY. (Temple 8888.) LAST WEEKS.
Evgs., 8.15. Mon., Thurs., Sat., 2.30. (2nd Year.)
LADY PRECIOUS STREAM
ESME PERCY. THEA HOLME. CLIFFORD BARTLETT.

SHAFTESBURY. Ger. 6666. 8.30. W., Th., 2.30.
GILBERT MILLER presents
BOY MEETS GIRL.
New Comedy by BELLA and SAMUEL SPEWACK.

STRAND. (Tem. 2660.) 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.
Robertson Hare, Alfred Drayton, John Mills in
AREN'T MEN BEASTS!
Farce by Vernon Sylvaine. Staged by Leslie Henson.

VAUDEVILLE. (Temple Bar 4871.)
EVGS., 8.30. MATS., WED. and THURS., 2.30.
GREEN WATERS.
Sebastian Shaw, Gillian Lind, Morland Graham,
Wilfrid Walter, Marie Ault, Henry Hepworth.

WESTMINSTER, S.W 1. (Vic. 0283). 8/6 to 1/6.
Evenings, 8.30. Matinees, Thurs., Sat., 2.30.
THE EMPEROR OF MAKE-BELIEVE.
By Madge Pemberton & Malcolm Morley.
HELENA PICKARD. ERNEST THESIGER.

WHITEHALL. Smoking. (Whitehall 6692.)
EVGS., 8.30. Mats., WED. & SAT., 2.30.
ANTHONY AND ANNA.
A Comedy by ST. JOHN ERVINE.

PICTURE THEATRES

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2081.
The Swiss Psychological drama,
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(The Eternal Mask) (A).
A striking study in psycho-analysis.

EVERYMAN (Opp. Hampstead Tube Stn. Ham. 2285)
Mon., June 15th, for 3 Days, PETER LORRE
in "M" (A). Thurs., June 18th, for 4 Days,
THE TESTAMENT OF DOCTOR MABUSE (A).
Both films directed by FRITZ LANG.

PALACE THEATRE, W.1. Ger. 6834.
3 Shows Daily, 2.30, 5.30, 8.30. Suns. at 6.0 & 8.30.
HANS FEHER in
"THE ROBBER SYMPHONY." (U).
The first 'Composed' film. Seats from 1s. 6d.

RESTAURANTS

AH well, if you've not been to RULES you have missed a lot in life. . . . Maiden Lane (Covent Garden). Lunch, Dinner or late Supper (licensed till midnight). Est. 1780.

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REPERTORY THEATRES

CROYDON Repertory.
Nightly at 8. Sat., 5 & 8.15.
Promise. By Henry Bernstein.

MANCHESTER Repertory.
Evenings 7.45. Sat., 6.30 & 8.45.
The Switchback. By James Bridie.

NORTHAMPTON Repertory.
Evenings 6.30 & 8.50.
Symphony in Two Flats. By Ivor Novello.

The Repertory Theatres whose announcements appear above are members of The Association of Repertory Theatres. *For information concerning Theatres belonging to this Association, or qualified to belong to it, apply to the Honorary Secretary, Bache Matthews, 44 Archway Road, London, N.19. ARC 3845.*

CONFERENCES

SOCIETY FOR CULTURAL RELATIONS WITH THE U.S.S.R.

WEEK-END SCHOOL, JUNE 27th–29th.
Digswell Conference House, Welwyn Garden City.
Chairman: Mrs. Amabel Williams-Ellis.

Sir Bernard Pares ...	Impressions of Moscow, January 1936.
Hubert Griffiths ...	Classical Plays in the Soviet Theatre.
Pat Sloan	Latest Developments in the U.S.S.R.
Mr. Elwyn Jones ...	The Treatment of Juvenile Delinquency in the U.S.S.R.
Pearl Binder and Donia Nachshen.	Present Developments in Soviet Art.

Cost: Saturday tea to Monday breakfast, £1. Further particulars from S. C. R., 3 Bedford Place, W.C.1.

F.P.S.I.

F.P.S.I. Summer Conference at Beacon Hill School, Boyle's Court, near Brentwood, Essex (proprietor: Dora Russell) from Saturday, July 25th to Saturday, August 1st.

PROGRAMME

Kingsley Martin ...	"The International Situation."
C. E. M. Joad ...	"Our Duty in the Next War."
Janet Chance ...	"The Legalisation of Abortion."
Colin Clark ...	"Socialist Financial Policy."
Aylmer Rose ...	"The Sexual Problems of the Private Citizen."
Dora Russell ...	"The Family in Present-day Society."
M. Saran	"Whither Nazi Germany?"
"Solicitor" ...	"Magistrates."
Olaf Stapledon ...	"Groups and Individuals."

Discussion of the F.P.S.I. and its work.
Recreations: Sun-bathing, bathing, tennis, dancing and rambling.
Inclusive Fees: Members 52s. 6d., non-members 62s. 6d. Please send whole amount or deposit of £1 to HON. SEC. FEDERATION OF PROGRESSIVE SOCIETIES, 475 Oxford St., W.1. Early application desirable to avoid disappointment.

F.P.S.I. Nautical Revel on M/V. *New Dagenham* from Westminster Pier, 7.45 to midnight, on Friday, June 19th. Tickets. 5s. (or 4s. 6d. if purchased before 16th) obtainable from HON. SEC., F.P.S.I., 475 Oxford Street, W.1.

LITERARY

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A WELL-KNOWN publisher is willing to read novels, biographies, general-interest works, if recommended by the Editors of *Comment*, the free and unusual weekly, threepence, obtainable at Collet's, The Forum (Charing Cross), The Socialist Bookshop, Zwemmer's, and, to order, through all newsagents. THE EDITORS, *Comment*, 6 St. Mary's Chambers, Strand, W.C.2.

"SMALLS"

Single insertions		1/6	per line
Three	"	1/5	per line / per insertion
Thirteen	"	1/4	per line / per insertion

A line averages seven words.
Instructions should be received not later than first post Wednesday.
NEW STATESMAN & NATION
10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

THE FRANC MUDDLE AND ITS IMPLICATIONS—FOREIGN INVESTMENTS IN THE U.S.A.—CONTROVERSY OVER WOOLWORTH AND MARKS AND SPENCER

THE franc has occupied the financial headlines so long that it has become a bore. But it is more than that; it is still a menace to the investment markets. M. Blum is a mid-Victorian intellectual. But we are not entitled to assume that he does not appreciate the inconsistency of an economic policy which combines a rigid gold exchange with an internal inflation. We must conclude either that he is bluffing, that is, that he intends to devalue suddenly when the speculators least suspect, or that he is following the German model, that is, that he intends to institute a Government exchange monopoly with a special exchange rate for tourism and other "export" industries, or that he is prepared to let the franc slip off gold without a fixed devaluation. We may regard the second device as the worst, for it would prolong the period of suspense for perhaps another four or five months and add to the difficulties of international trade in commodities as well as securities. Yet the third choice is not without its dangers. If M. Blum suspends gold exports and allows the franc exchange to slip, we cannot protect the sterling exchange against unwanted appreciation merely by buying dollars. The dollar is not a free gold exchange. Gold cannot be earmarked in Washington and cannot be exported from America to a non-gold standard country. Perhaps negotiations are going on with the American authorities which may lead to some arrangement for the earmarking of gold in Washington, for it is not in the interests of Washington to see complete chaos in the exchanges, but failing such an arrangement our Exchange Equalisation Fund may be forced to operate in Belgian francs as the last remaining stable gold currency—a denouement which is not without its humour. Of course, to prevent an undesirable fall in the sterling price of gold the Exchange Fund can buy up the available supplies of gold in the London bullion market, but the present dealings in gold are not sufficiently large to enable the Exchange Fund to use the bullion market as the day-to-day means of managing sterling. The franc situation is all the more menacing because we may be pushed into a stabilisation of sterling before the proper time. In the first place, the French cannot consider devaluation without an undertaking from the British Government that they will use the resources of the Exchange Equalisation Fund to support the franc at the new figure. In the second place, if the French do not devalue but allow the franc to slip, the American authorities will demand "gold points" for sterling before they agree to earmark gold. In the third place, if the bullion market is resorted to the Exchange Equalisation Fund would have to announce a buying price for gold, which is the same thing as a provisional stabilisation. At this critical hour I hope that all money-minded Members of Parliament will keep a watchful eye on the Treasury and Mr. Montagu Norman.

* * *

Is the dollar under-valued at 5.02? The City Editor of the *Times* must have got into hot water for hinting on Monday last that one method of helping to correct an undervaluation would be to encourage investment in the United States. On Wednesday he corrected himself and suggested that the dollar was not under-valued. Clearly he had been reminded that it was highly improper to encourage investment in American securities at all. A report of the U.S. Department of Commerce on the amount of foreign capital held in the United States at the end of 1935 shows that Great Britain is responsible for 27 per cent. of the $5,035 millions foreign long-term holdings. (The British proportion of the $1,200 millions foreign short-term holdings is not given.) The following table gives in detail the distribution of foreign long-term holdings in the United States:—

(In Million $)

	Direct Investmts.	Common Stocks.	Prefd. Stocks.	Bonds.	Trust Accts.	Total.
Great Britain	362	372	146	91	403	1,374
Canada	322	408	66	49	161	1,006
Holland	249	196	13	220	106	784
Switzerland	13	214	32	65	75	399
France	14	142	19	53	54	282
Other European countries	42	350	30	87	123	632
Rest of World	23	333	23	42	117	538

It is believed that these figures are under-estimates. If Holland and Switzerland devalued finally, the repercussions in the American markets would be considerable, particularly in the bond markets, where Dutch holdings are relatively large. Devaluation of the French franc, however, would have little or no market effect. Indeed, while a Socialist Government is in office it is not likely that any French capital will be in a hurry to return home.

* * *

A correspondent writes: "As a regular subscriber to your valued paper I have read with great interest your comparison between Woolworth and Marks and Spencer shares." (This was a comparison drawn by my Statistical Assistant on May 23rd to the detriment of the second.) "The reason why I prefer Marks and Spencer," my correspondent goes on, "is easily explained. They have declared a cash dividend of 40 per cent. and distributed a capital bonus of 10 per cent. in shares which if sold at 4¼ represent, to my way of thinking, a further dividend not subject to income tax. Thus:

On 100 shares (of 5*s*.) 40 per cent. cash dividend =	£7.6 after tax.
10 bonus shares sold at 4¼ .. .. .. =	£42.5 free of tax.
On total cost of £431 (100 shares at 4 5/16) .. =	£50.1 net.

The yield at the present price of 4 5/16 would thus be 11.6 per cent. net. Woolworth, on the other hand, have never distributed bonus shares, and their shares at 129*s*. 6*d*. are yielding rather less than 4 per cent. gross on the cash dividend of 100 per cent. It has not escaped my attention that in the case of Marks and Spencer the bonus will eventually come off the price like any dividend."

Statistical Assistant: I am not blind to the merits of Marks and Spencer. Actual profits are at present increasing by approximately 10 per cent. each year, so that earnings and dividends can be maintained at 80 per cent. and 40 per cent. respectively on an ordinary share capital enlarged each year by a capital share bonus of 10 per cent. Your correspondent, however, assumes that this geometric increase in profits will go on, if not for ever, for a long period of years. As I pointed out in my previous note, the profits of Marks and Spencer depend on the number of stores operated at the beginning of the year. Consequently, the directors can be tolerably certain what profits will be made in the ensuing year and can thus justify inflating the capital in the same ratio as the expected increase in profits. But how long can it last? Possibly a very long time, but each year the company must be nearer saturation point, and the market price, sooner or later, will reflect the lessened scope for expansion.

Toreador: But my correspondent admits that sooner or later the bonus must come off the price of the shares like a dividend. That has actually happened this year in spite of a good report. In February, 1935, Marks and Spencer shares were 100*s*., and in June, 1936, 86*s*. 3*d*. or 95*s*. 9*d*. cum the 1935 capital bonus. During the same period, Woolworths rose from 110*s*. to 129*s*. 6*d*.

Statistical Assistant: Sure enough. But I was trying to point out, when you interrupted me, that there is a flaw in your correspondent's reasoning. On his calculation the yield is always something more than 10 per cent., whatever the price of the shares. If, for example, Marks and Spencer shares stood at £40 instead of over £4, the yield would work out as follows on a holding of 100 shares:

40 per cent. in cash (less tax) .. .. .. =	£7.6 after tax.
10 bonus shares sold at £40 per share .. =	£400.0 free of tax.
	£407.6

representing on the assumed value of the shareholding of £4,000 a yield of 10.2 per cent. free of tax. Do investors really believe that they will receive a yield of over 10 per cent. tax free as long as they go on buying up, i.e., inflating, Marks and Spencer shares?

Toreador: Not really, because the directors will put a stop to it some day by omitting the 10 per cent. bonus. No one seriously believes that Marks and Spencer can open and operate profitably a store of their own for every one of the 600-odd Woolworth stores. Woolworth's themselves are expanding, and, if these two businesses are really gold mines, others besides British Home Stores will enter the field and, given capable management, put a stop to the glorious optimism of the Marks and Spencer directors in declaring their 10 per cent. act of faith each year. I think investors generally are getting wise to the fact that it is unsafe to count on 10 per cent. increase in profits for more than a few years.

Company Meeting

HAWKER SIDDELEY AIRCRAFT

INCREASE OF CAPITAL APPROVED

MR. T. O. M. SOPWITH ON FUTURE ACTIVITIES

A Separate Meeting of the holders of the Five per Cent. Cumulative Preference shares and an Extraordinary General Meeting of the Hawker Siddeley Aircraft Company, Limited, were held on Thursday, June 4th, at the May Fair Hotel, London, W., to consider a resolution increasing the capital of the company to £4,000,000 by the creation of 1,000,000 Five per Cent. Cumulative Preference shares of £1 each and of 4,000,000 Ordinary shares of 5s. each, of which 400,000 of the new Five per Cent. Cumulative Preference shares (at par) and 600,000 of the new Ordinary shares (at a price of 20s. per share) should be immediately offered to the existing Preference and Ordinary shareholders respectively.

Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith, C.B.E., F.R.Ae.S. (chairman of the company), who presided, in moving the necessary resolution, said: Ladies and gentlemen, your directors have deemed it wise to equip the company with additional capital. The immediate occasion of the need for increased capital is, of course, the exigencies of the national aircraft emergency programme. In this great enterprise the Hawker and Hawker Siddeley companies will be called upon to play an important part.

At the moment the group is employing 15,000 hands, and large numbers of different types of aircraft are in course of production.

DEVELOPMENT OF THE BUSINESS

In arriving at the decision to increase the capital, your directors have also been influenced by the possibility of development in the company's business, which already covers a considerable commercial market, expanding to-day and possessing a capacity for further vigorous expansion. The company should possess the financial resources to enable it to take full advantage of this development.

In addition, we have under consideration the question of making an offer for that portion of the Hawker capital not at present owned by this company. This project can best be realised later in the year when the trading results of both companies are available. For the moment it is enough to say that the proposal is supported by numerous and powerful arguments. While it is not possible to estimate with any degree of accuracy the duration of the emergency period, it is prudent to assume that it will not be for more than a few years.

As is known, it is the Government's intention to limit the profits for the manufacture of aircraft under this emergency programme. This decision is reasonable and proper provided that efficiency is encouraged by proper reward and that the question of plant, obsolescence and redundancy is suitably dealt with.

NEED OF RESEARCH

The emergency programme has accentuated the need for a constant and determined policy of research and experiment to enable the necessary new types of machines to be brought into design and eventually into production. If research is abandoned or curtailed, the types of aircraft now manufactured will be maintained in production after they have ceased to be efficient. It is therefore essential to the well-being of the industry and to the efficiency of the National Defences that research should be energetically pursued and adequate allowance for this expenditure should be made in production cost in determining profits. When these open issues are effectively dealt with as between the Government and the industry, the necessary expansion on the extension of plant and machinery can be expedited.

We have also under consideration the immediate development of our business in foreign countries whose political interests are closely allied with our own. Happily this can be done without seriously interfering with our production in this country.

The possibility of extension in British Colonies and possessions also receives our continued attention. It can be fairly claimed then that we are playing an important part in the national emergency that has arisen, as well as in the development of the aircraft industry as a whole.

While our main attention is at the moment inevitably directed towards the production of aircraft and aero engines, our motor-car, civil engineering and other ancillary enterprises are making satisfactory progress.

It should be noted that the directors estimate that the current profits of the company will be sufficient to cover the dividend on the whole of the proposed Preference share capital more than six times over, leaving a satisfactory balance for division among the Ordinary shareholders.

The board have not decided at the moment whether their dividend policy will be confined to a total payment in cash or whether it may be partly in cash and partly by means of an Ordinary share bonus.

Mr. PHILIP E. HILL in seconding the resolution said:—With such a widely flung Empire, efficiency in aircraft production is vital to the retention of our possessions and trade. I look forward to the aircraft manufacturing industry in this country reaching that world pre-eminence which for so many generations has been the heritage of our shipbuilders.

The resolution was carried unanimously at each meeting.

Company Meeting

ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL CO., LTD.

SIR JOHN CADMAN'S ADDRESS

The TWENTY-SEVENTH ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the company was held in London, on Thursday last. Sir John Cadman, G.C.M.G., D.Sc., Chairman, presiding, said (in part):—

On the liabilities side *Creditors and Sundry Liabilities* have declined by £275,000. On the assets side, *Refinery, Tank Installations, Pipelines and Buildings* have increased by £395,000, which represents the amount by which expenditure on equipment exceeded depreciation. Under this heading, there is included a substantial outlay on housing for employees at Abadan and elsewhere. The first item of *Investments in Subsidiary Companies* has been reduced by £377,000, owing mainly to the reserves which we have considered it prudent to make. The second item, "Advances," has decreased by £1,599,000. Of this amount approximately £800,000 represents reductions in advances to D'Arcy Exploration Company (which handles our transactions with the Iraq Petroleum Company) and it is partly balanced by liabilities to the latter which have since been paid. A further £500,000 is accounted for by repayment of advances made to another subsidiary company.

The decrease of £681,000 in *Investments in Allied and other Companies* is due mainly to the repayment of a loan by an allied company. Ordinary business fluctuations are responsible for the reduction under *Debtors and Debit Balances*. Cash and the two items "Securities" together show an increase of £2,034,000. Incidentally, it will be noted that the market value of securities at the end of the year was over £500,000 in excess of the value shown in the Balance Sheet. The profits for the year exceed those of 1934 by £336,000. This result which enabled the Board to recommend an increased rate of dividend will be a source of satisfaction to Stockholders, especially when coupled with the strong financial position shown by the Balance Sheet.

It is now some three years since the new Concession was signed, and I am very glad to inform you that, both in the letter and the spirit, it is operating in a way that we regard as very satisfactory. Production of crude oil in Iran during 1935 amounted to 7½ million tons. At the Haft Kel field further wells have been drilled for production and for the purpose of delimiting the field.

The search for further oilfields is one of our constant preoccupations. Exploratory activities in Iran, Iraq, Kuwait and Great Britain are the outcome of our policy in this respect.

The provision of further manufacturing equipment at Abadan continued during 1935, and is still in progress.

Necessary extensions have been made at the Company's refineries in order to enable them to keep abreast of increased demand and to furnish products of the requisite quality.

Twelve new motor tank vessels, each of 12,250 tons deadweight, are under construction. The cost of these will be approximately £2,000,000 and their construction will give regular employment to some 10,000 men in British shipbuilding and allied industries.

The world's consumption of oil products increased during 1935, and, in most countries, the Company's sales benefited from the added demand.

For some years past the Company's geologists have studied the oil possibilities of Great Britain and collected a substantial volume of scientific evidence. In consequence of this evidence, prospecting licences were applied for and granted, under the provisions of the Petroleum Act of 1934, covering areas in the south and east of England and in Scotland.

The first well, in the south of England, was begun on 30th March last and the second will be started shortly. Prospecting for oil is a highly speculative enterprise, which needs the backing of long experience and adequate finance. The volume and type of evidence which have been obtained in Great Britain are, however, of the kind on which the Company would normally undertake prospective activities in other countries. We do not, at the best, envisage the possibility of more than moderate production. The answer to the question: "Does oil in commercial quantities exist?" lies only with the drill. I will not attempt to predict the outcome of the search, but it is the Company's intention to put beyond doubt the question whether oil exists in commercial quantities or not.

Operations in the Scottish Shale industry proceeded on normal lines.

After dealing with the Iraq Petroleum Company and Mr. Fraser's visit to Iran and Iraq, the chairman surveyed oil conditions in the United States of America, and concluded:—

At the end of my speech last year, I informed you that I could not give a definite prophecy as to the results for 1935 because of the existence of too many variable factors, any of which might exert a considerable influence on operations during the remainder of the year. Factors of the type which I had in mind still exist, both within and without the framework of the oil industry, and must continue to be taken into account. In certain countries, for instance, obstacles are imposed to the normal import of products or to payment for such products in sterling. The state of international business, indeed, is characterised by a variety of restrictions. It is to be hoped that these restrictions will gradually be removed, and that supply of oil will again be able to flow freely to satisfy demand. Until this occurs progress must necessarily tend to be retarded. On the other hand, world consumption continues to increase, and we are well able, by virtue of our oil reserves, equipment and finance, to make the best of future trading conditions whatever they may be.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.